

AUG 16 1884
8772 P 2

THE NATIONAL POLICE GAZETTE

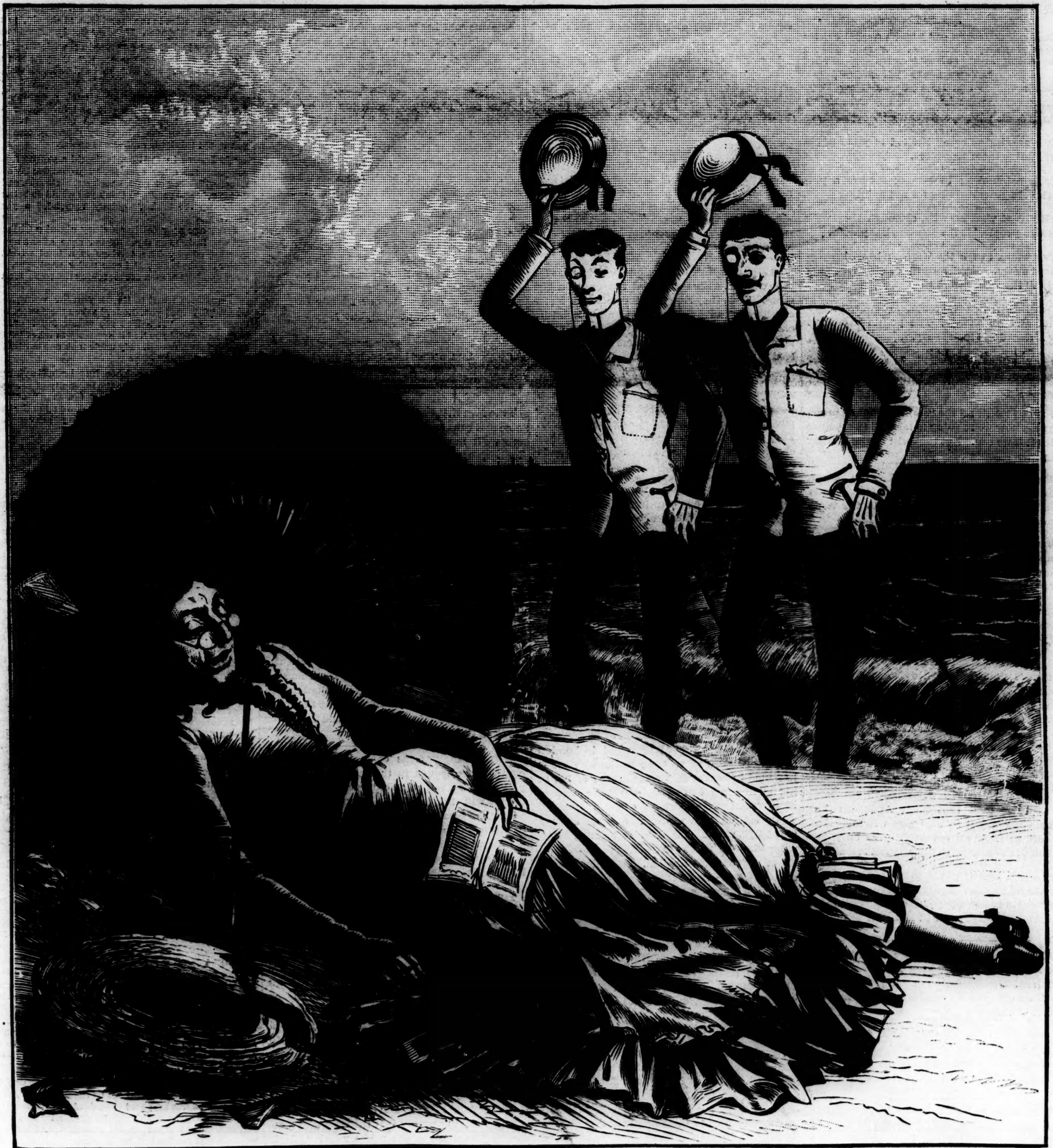
THE LEADING ILLUSTRATED SPORTING JOURNAL IN AMERICA.

Copyrighted for 1884, by RICHARD K. FOX, PROPRIETOR POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE, Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Editor and Proprietor.

NEW YORK, SATURDAY, AUGUST 16, 1884.

VOLUME XLIV—No 360.
Price Ten Cents.



A SIREN OF THE SANDS.

HOW TWO MASHING DUDES OF GOTHAM FOUND A HIDDEN TREASURE AT LONG BRANCH AND REALIZED ON IT.



RICHARD K. FOX, - Editor and Proprietor.
POLICE GAZETTE PUBLISHING HOUSE,
Franklin Sq. and Dover St., N. Y.

FOR THE WEEK ENDING
SATURDAY, August 16, 1884.

IMPORTANT TO SUBSCRIBERS!

Where there is any difficulty in obtaining our publications from newsdealers or at railroad depots, send on your subscriptions direct to the publication office, and we guarantee that you will receive them regularly by mail.

THE POLICE GAZETTE AND WEEK'S DOINGS

The Greatest Sporting, Theatrical and Sensational Papers in America, sent to any address in one wrapper for three months on receipt of

\$1.50

The POLICE GAZETTE and "Week's Doings" are the only papers published by RICHARD K. FOX. Beware of imitations. Liberal discount to agents.

RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

AIRS don't pay, eh? How about opera airs?

We are sick of being invited to prize fights and finding them foot-races.

It is astounding how many excuses a professional fighter can find for not fighting.

"He lived with his wife, although they were Chicago people," is the latest polite phrase.

THE woman with the Watteau back has appeared again. The deformity comes of bowing early to the Paris fashions.

THE theatre-ticket speculators believe in the tariff, and no change. The public won't get any if they don't look sharp.

MANY of the people who have started a war-dance against the POLICE GAZETTE are appropriately inspired by "jig" water.

HAVING taken all the "smiling" out of prize-fighting, now we're going to take all the "chin" out of it if we can. But that will be the hardest job yet.

"PHYSICIAN, cure thyself." Let the parson clear the churches and wipe out their sly sins before they call further attention to the mote in our eye.

PERHAPS it isn't according to the laws of geometry to expect all round matches to be square, but it is according to the rules of the POLICE GAZETTE.

REALLY, if old "Mother Baum" is to be squelched at last, what will some of our penurious young bloods do for cheap silks in which to array their "mashes?"

THERE's nothing like fitness of things. According to the girls along the dry goods routes of the West, the drummers of the metropolis are proving themselves emotional beats.

To the blackguards who write us anonymous letters, we reply that we don't propose to fight skunks with boxing-gloves. Not much. We prefer to turn on the disinfectant hose.

WHEN we read that Mary Anderson has visited the tomb of Juliet, regret will arise that she lost so good an opportunity to bury her version of the play with the original remains.

THINGS are getting to be so mighty uncertain now, that no sooner are articles signed than the sports begin to get up pools on the nature of the excuses the fighters will make for not fighting.

DERRICK, the dramatist, has followed "Confusion" with "Twins." That's getting things backward. The confusion naturally follows the kids if we understand anything about human nature.

WHAT next! It has become a fashion for belles to draw a tooth and have it set in a ring for their lover to wear as an engagement ring. It must have been a dentist who suggested that fashion.

THIS is going to be a year of dramatic miracles. All the dead but unbred "stars" of Europe, including Ristori, are going to come over and join our native ghostly crew, led by Maggie Mitchell and Emma Abbott, who will walk "the glimpses of the moon" in spite of all we live people can do. Oh, horror!

To those jealous ones who spitefully ask where our charms and by what incantation do we capture the public so readily every time, we reply the secret lies in our enterprise, liberality and honesty. That's all our magic.

ALL Newport is "sore" this season. The wives are alone and the "hubbies" are in town in the meshes of the wily chorus girl and the bounding ballerina. Some of you fellows will get left at this game if you don't look out.

THE day of the professional male beauty has come. The female variety of the same species will take a back seat when the season's specimens arrive from Europe. Get out your clubs, good people; we've got to the jumping-off place in this beauty business.

WE saw a coroner-doctor of this vicinity at a funeral one day last week. "A patient?" we inquired, pointing to the casket. "No, a rival practitioner," said he, with a triumphant smile. Dr. Messemmer needn't say we mean him, for we haven't said so—have we?

THERE hasn't been a real out-and-out, all-round ocean horror at our command since the wreck of the Arctic of the old Collins line. And yet people will say journalism is progressing. Even the dudes' yachts refuse to sink. The ocean is growing old, and isn't what it used to be.

If we hadn't clean hands wouldn't these howling, hypocrite moralists have "downed" us long ago? You bet they would. That they haven't done so is a proof of our stamina and worth, and the public is only the more "dead gone" on us than ever. Thus virtue is ever its own reward.

WHERE's the use in howling at the police about "Mother Baum," of New York? Why not go for some of her high-up friends and customers, who have shielded her every time and made her prosper through their patronage? If the receiver is as bad as the thief, where does the purchaser at retail come in?

In Montana they tax drummers \$100 a year for each county, with a \$25 local tax extra in the cities. This, they say, is in the nature of a precautionary advance against any infantile charge being put on the county when the drummer is out of reach. They seem to have tumbled to the racket at last, boys.

BEECHER is credited with a *bon mot*. Being asked by Joe Howard why so many people of Peckskill frowned at the dominie, the latter replied: "Because I married most of them, Josey. They don't credit me with the bliss, but they charge me with the mothers-in-law." The old man got it pretty straight, didn't he?

Now the poetic racket is to puff the coming burlesquer by printing that "She has a garden in her face where lilies and roses bloom." But when the dealers in cosmetics begin to quote this in the advertisements of their face-powder and rouge the actresses will begin to weaken on the poetry, we think.

It does appear to us as if it would have been better for the very moral people to have run down Mother Mandelbaum, who was encouraging thievery and vice, instead of wasting time in legislating against the POLICE GAZETTE, which is the enemy of thieves and receivers. But perhaps those who suggest the laws have some affiliations with people of "Mother Baum's" ilk, and we have trodden on their toes. That must be it.

WHEN Sarah Bernhardt appeared in London as *Lady Macbeth* there were critics who made her mad by saying that one glimpse of her in her night gown was enough to make a more moral man than *Macbeth* commit murder. That settled the season. Sarah, already "rattled," shook her bones together and skipped. She thinks Americans know more about art than the English. They don't scare so easy, Sarah—that's it.

WHETHER the Darwinian theory is correct or not, we can vouch for it that lots of the fellows who come around us and call themselves authors have tales with them—and awful ones, too. And there is no danger of their getting rid of them, either, by any progressive process. This sort of talking "monk" is worse than the biggest chalk-eyed chimpanzee Barnum ever lied about, and doesn't prove the "survival of the fittest" theory by a jugful.

VANDERBILT came back from Paris this time with some new French airs and phrases. "Figure to yourself," he began in Parisian style, addressing Jay Gould. "I will," said Jay, without waiting to hear the rest; and he straightway figured up his next transaction with the railroad king on the assumption that four and four make twenty. That's the way Gould takes advice to "figure" anything to himself. Vanderbilt will wrestle with the vernacular the next time and save money by it.

IN Brooklyn they have started two successive stories of whole families poisoned by eating ice-cream. Thus does the young man of the period play points on the young woman of the era, and eradicate the terrors of the ice-cream saloon from his soul. It will be a great saving.

A WILD western actress being ordered to the seashore to recover from malaria, gives it out as an advertisement that at the seaside her bones are turning to chalk, and that all the faculty are concerned about her. Chalk? Well, that woman is bound to make her mark.

THE Boston Transcript man, who attempts to rake the POLICE GAZETTE with moral grape-shot, claims to be "fly." We claim he's an insect of another sort—in fact a vermin without wings. We don't crush him because the smell would be too loud for us and our dainty readers.

THE funny men of the papers are petering out again, and a new crop must be raised in the West. Poor chaps! These funny writers are the most wretched of creatures, but their lives are the shortest, as they are too miserable. It is a mercy, at least, that they are extinct early.

WHAT unkind things they do say in the theatre green-rooms! How cruel, for instance, for the Lily's leading juvenile to remark, when some one said her husband had found her good luck to him, to reply: "Oh, yes, he's been lucky in gambling ever since he married." The words were innocent, but the inference was rough.

THE new play they are going to bring out here next season is called "Thirst." The audience will play its part at the end of every tableau, and if the waits are long the grand climax will change the title to "Drunk." Really, it does seem as though the saloon-keepers had something to do with the writing of dramas nowadays.

GREELY's got back to New York safe at last. He had lots of narrow escapes. He had a close enough call in the Arctic zone, but in the circle of pleasures in New Brunswick there was even more danger. He's lucky to escape being killed with kindness by our friends over the border. They meant well, but it was danger all the same.

CHANDLER never had such a good time as he's having this summer. This may be judged from the manner in which the Tallapoosa yaws, as if she were full, too, and from the early period in the festivities when she becomes unmanageable and runs around. If she goes far out to sea we'll have to organize a search expedition for her, sure.

"THE Man-Ax" has joined the Salvation Army, and writes us to mend our ways and join the holy procession. As the Man-Ax is the chap who used to wreck barrels and split two-inch planks by sitting down on them real hard, it is perfectly natural he should sooner or later think of his latter end. With us it is different. We do not need the emollient salve of religion as he does, probably—hence our wickedness.

WHEN Fred Wren brought out his new play, "Distrust," at the Fourteenth Street theatre he remarked with some surprise that several critics, his old newspaper friends, ignored the play in the papers the next day. He remarked this to Gus Heckler. "Have you looked in the obituary column for your notice?" he inquired, sympathetically. And now Fred, and Gus never speak as they pass by.

WHEN the parsons come back and the churches are opened in the fall there will be a pretty general return to old fashions. Decollete morals will still remain in vogue. Hypocrisy cloaks, cut bias and trimmed Pompadour, will be all the rage as usual. You see we have still got the measure of the elect. You bet—and we'll describe their garments right along, no matter how immodest they may declare it.

THERE's a new industry in New York. There is a regular plotter of schemes of robbery and of vengeance—a man who furnishes the brain-work of knaves and is paid for it. One of his strong points is the furnishing of alibi proofs. His methods are ingenious, and novel, and are well paid for. For instance. A ruffian wishes to undertake to "get square" with some one, or to commit a daylight robbery. The alibi-maker advises him to have a mouse painted under one of his eyes. He shows himself to several parties thus marked, and his friends draw attention to the discoloration, without identifying him further. Then he goes off and boldly attacks his man. Escaping he washes the paint from his face, and if arrested after, has no difficulty in proving that the man who committed the assault or the robbery had a black eye, while he had no such mark. This is pretty clever, but it is only one of the many points whereby the alibi-maker earns his pay and defeats justice.

FLASHES OF FUN.

Specimens of Wit and Humor Culled From Many Sources.

A SIGN of the times—The wink to the soda-fountain clerk.

THE dearest girl on earth is the one that eats the most ice-cream.

A MAN with a bald scalp is not half as young as the top of his head seems to indicate.

THANKS to the season, the goats need not starve, as election posters will soon be ripe.

It must not be inferred that those politicians who eat crow are mourning for the "Lost Caws."

It is not in good taste for a young physician, when writing to a patient, to sign himself, "Yours, till death."

THE easiest way to mark table linen—leave the baby and a blackberry pie alone at the table for three minutes.

BARNUM is said to be anxious to secure a boating party which will return without singing "Home Again."

"WILL your son enter one of the professions after graduating?" "Oh, yes; he already has two offers from baseball clubs of eminence."

"WHY, John," said his mother, as she caught him stealing her cake, "I am surprised." "So am I," was the reply, "for I didn't know you were at home."

"BY-BY, love," he murmured, as he started down to his office in the morning, and she did, to the extent of a \$50 bonnet. He says "Good morning" now.

A MUFF is defined as "a thing which holds a girl's hands and don't squeeze it." Correct; and any fellow's "a muff" who will hold a girl's hand without squeezing it.

A STREAK of lightning struck a red-headed Western woman the other day and turned her hair black. And now there are so many red-headed women running about in every thunder-storm that you would think the prairie was on fire.

"If I were in California," said a young fop in company the other evening, "I would waylay some miner with a bag of gold, knock out his brains, gather up his gold and run." "I think you would do better to gather up the brains," quietly responded a young lady.

THEY are now telling a story about a Chicago girl who insisted on throwing her shoe after a newly-married couple. The carriage is a total wreck, a doctor has the bride and horse under treatment, and large numbers of men are searching the ruins for the groom.

"DOCTOR, I want to thank you for your medicine." "It helped you, did it?" asked the doctor, very much pleased. "It helped me wonderfully." "How many bottles did you find it necessary to take?" "Oh, I didn't take any of it. My uncle took one bottle, and I am his sole heir."

A NOISELESS roller-skate has been invented. There is probably no device the ingenuity of man can contrive that will make noiseless the man who uses such skates the first time, and sits down upon the back of his head, with his legs shooting heavenward. Nothing but death.

"Go for somebody, quick! There's a bug down my back!" cried a young girl to her lover in the park on Wednesday evening. "Hain't I better go for the bug?" he suggested. Then she fainted away, and when she had unswounded the bug had finished its evening stroll and gone home.

"WHERE in the world have you been?" demanded a wife of her husband. "It's nearly three o'clock in the morning." "I know (hic) it is, my dear. But I cannot tell a lie. I've been working at the (hic) office." "Well, I can tell a lie," she replied, sharply, "the moment I hear it, and—!" Then the fur flew.

"PAPA," asked a little boy, looking up from his Sunday-school lesson, "what are the wages of sin?" "The wages of sin these days," replied the old man, earnestly, "depend upon circumstances, and one's opportunities and business capacity. But they run up into the thousands, my boy, they run up into the thousands."

"THIS is very poor hash, Mrs. Shaveapenny," said young Crimmonbeak to his boarding mistress the other morning. "Well, Mr. Crimmonbeak," replied the amiable woman, who had made an unsuccessful attempt to wring five dollars on account out of Crimmonbeak five minutes before, "you know, to the poor all things are poor!"

"FOR ten years past," said the new boarder, "my habits have been regular as clock-work. I rose on the stroke of 6; half an hour later I sat down to breakfast; at 7 I was at work; dined at 12, ate supper at 6, and was in bed at 9:30; ate only hearty food, and hadn't a sick day in all that time." "Dear me," said the deacon, in sympathetic tones, "and what were you in for?"

A BROOKLYN woman said to her servant girl, a fresh arrival on the latest boat from Cork: "Bridget, go out and see if Mr. Block, the butcher on the corner, has pigs' feet." The dutiful servant went out and returned. "Well, what did he say?" asked the mistress. "Sure, he said nuthin', mum." "Has he got pigs' feet?" "Faith, I couldn't see, mum—he has his boots on."

A BROOKLYN man who hit wheat for a few thousand dollars last week rushed around and rented a brown-stone front, and then sought the services of a furniture mover. "I'll take it by the job, and do the fair thing by you," replied the mover. "Well, how fair?" "I'll say \$50 for the two." "What two?" "Why, the moving this week into the brown-stone, and the moving in about a month from that into a cheap frame-house in the suburbs! I always job the moves together in the case of a grain speculator."

AT one of the seashore resorts the other day a reckless bather was carried out by the strong tide, and when rescued was supposed to be dead. He was rolled over a barrel and worked with for over an hour, and still showed no signs of consciousness. At last his weeping wife resolved upon heroic treatment. Rolling him around so that she could reach his ear, she shouted: "Here comes your mother-in-law." A second later a hatless man with dripping clothes was wildly flying up the beach in the direction of the railroad depot.

STAGE WHISPERS.

Midsummer Gossip of the Actors' Rialto.

A Dismal Outlook for Some Good Fellows, and Rich Morsels of Scandal for Some Vicious Ones.

What a tumble! Charles Coghlan, the airy, is going to support Langtry. How will his dignity ever survive this blow?

Ned Harrigan has made a clean sweep in the front of his house, and even reduced Tony Hart to the ranks. Ned is to be the only star hereafter. Well! Well!

They hiss Irving in London, and the cads crawl before him in New York. They're right in London and wrong in New York—and that's all there is to it.

There never was so dismal a summer among actors. If you doubt it just take a stroll about the Square any afternoon and see what dismal mugs the actors pull.

They hit it exactly, those dramatists, when they called their new summer play "Distrust." The public caught on at once. There was distrust before as well as behind the footlights.

Those moral societies must have been asleep when they let Langtry get away with that innocent little "heaven Chinese" boy. What is going to become of that poor youngster? Did they never think to inquire?

Almee is to play in English the coming season. The play being by Jessop & Gill is likely to be as bad as the bouffé's English, and that will make a homogeneity of badness that will be quite artistic, indeed.

He's a downy cove, that Larry Barrett. He knows how to control the foreign correspondents and the cable wires. He keeps his name in the papers at any cost. And what a stake the scribblers must have made out of him.

The Frohman Brothers are going to draw their speculative lines closely this year. And well may they, for they floundered out of their depth last season, and not only exploited spectacles but came near making spectacles of themselves.

He's no chump, that English opera manager, Gye. He finds tenors raising the ante on him and he strikes Vanderbilt at once to make the thing a "dead open and shut game" for him again. These millionaires haven't got an Abbey to deal with this time.

Gye has got Vanderbilt and the rest of the Metropolitan Opera House stockholders on the hip. He'll measure out their opera to them, but they'll pay well in advance for it, and if any one else to get left it will be somebody else. They'll never get another victim like Abbey.

A point of interest to the husband of the last dramatic bride must be the portrait gallery said to be established in her boudoir—especially if she will give the piquant history of the pictures. Oh, these sweet young brides of Momus! What points they can give the ordinary bridegroom!

They do say Freddie had his first quarrel with the Lily because he explained to her, and maintained with the firmness of one who knows, that every ballet premiere has a big toe-nail "like the talon of an eagle"—quite different from the nail of any other woman. She got square by adopting her Chinese boy, and describing to Freddie the unique physical peculiarities of the Chinese.

She's at it again, that frisky Pearl. She's scooped in a doctor—a very young one, and married him twice at that. Of course the marriages were romantically secret, but Pearl never could keep a secret, nor a husband. With her grip twice renewed she has lost it again, and all the dramatic profession is howling at her for her give-away conduct. How easy it is to pick up suckers, after all.

The last scheme to catch the nimble dollar is to parade a company of colored tragedians in Shakespearean drama at the Cosmopolitan. Several white actresses and white actors have taken engagements in this black crowd, and have to submit to the statements of the programmes that all the people on the stage are niggers. Perhaps so; for a good many actors are not white men, we are sure.

In the Spanish port near New Orleans they are enjoying a summer season of light opera, with Catherine Lewis in the leading roles. Catherine was discharged a week or two ago for wearing too little clothes, but they had to reinstate her, and she reentered herself by wrapping up in voluminous garments. Now the managers, urged by their audiences, are begging her to undress again. She is thinking it over.

Legs will rage this season. Old-time burlesque and spectacle are to hold the boards *ad nauseam*. As usual, all the managers are going to overdo it. Colville got the idea of bringing over the daughters of the Lydia Thompson burlesque troupes of yore, and all the fly-by-night managers took the cue. But apropos of those daughters, some of our gray-headed society rounders should recognize family resemblances among them—eh?

"Time was when the brains were out the man was dead," but now when a skull lacks the complement of cerebral furniture the possessor of that skull doesn't die for a cent. On the contrary, he proceeds to build a new theatre. This accounts for the project of rebuilding the Standard theatre, which was never anything but the mausoleum of visionary hopes, and can be nothing else in its new form but the morgue of big boobies.

It's too bad, but it's true, that Edwin Booth, always our knight of the rueful countenance, has fallen into "a green and yellow melancholy." He has lost all his interest in the stage, and acknowledges that he plays now in only a perfunctory manner. Too bad! Too bad! Ned was a good fellow always, though the rash deed of his brother Wilkes cast a cloud over his mind. Can it be that much brooding and sad introspection have unbalanced that "distracted globe"? We hope not.

Minnie Palmer's success in London is something in the nature of the marvelous. The dudes

of Britain are all in mourning since she closed her season. The chipper little damsel is good for ten years in that town, and that means ten good round fortunes for her and Johnny Rogers, her manager. John may be a crank, as they say, but there's method in a madness that brings in big money and fame in equal proportions. There are no flies on John for all the flings of the envious.

Dan Sully not only caught on at Tony Pastor's this summer season, but he held his grip. His version of the "Corner Groceryman" is not only superior to all others, in the funny element, but is a really artistic and well-balanced series of stage pictures. He deserves the whole credit, for he made and polished off the piece, put it in living action with his talent, and made it sparkle with his wit. Such work as his deserves encouragement indeed. We don't bestow unqualified praise often, but Dan catches us.

Rice has a hit at last. His burlesque "Adonis" is a go, and will run elegantly through next season. The idea is true burlesque. It is Gilbert's "Pygmalion and Galatea," with the statue a male and the sculptor a woman. Dixey is the *Adonis* and does the stone man racket to the queen's taste. It will be found one of the funniest bits of burlesque since Joe Jefferson first captured the town with his burlesque "Mazepa" at Winter Garden—long before he ever thought of playing *Rip Van Winkle*.

No matter what people say, it is a fact that Pony Moore is coaxing Charley Mitchell to go on the stage in a new company he is organizing in London to take the road in this country next fall. Charley sings a good song and has genuine dramatic talent. They offer him \$300 a week, but he thinks he can make the money easier than by enduring the agony of playing one-night stands in the blizzards of the West next winter. Charley's head is level, too. He would be a card for the managers, but where would he come in as regards personal comfort?

He's got 'em bad, that British army officer, Eric Bayley, has. He can't be cured of the notion of starring in this country. He's coming back at us again next season with a new play. How is it that British army officers always think we will swallow them as actors? Bayley should know better, for he has had the experience of the saddest sort of fortune in this country. He will to it again, though, and nothing will content him, it seems, but the loss of all his fortune. He's well fixed, and there's no excuse for this folly. That's the worst of it.

Suppose some of our alleged fashionables begin to study French thoroughly by sound. Then they may be able to understand the French operas they laugh at, and perhaps some of the young ladies of the audience may find that the funny dramatic climaxes give them cues for blushes instead of uproarious laughter. It is sad to see these people following the cachinnatory lead of the French cooks in the audience, to keep up the pretense that they are as easy in French as in their vernacular. They would be uneasy indeed if they really understood.

It is a shame for the managers to take advantage of the Presidential campaign to cut down actors' salaries. They take good care, we note, to keep up the prices of admission, and to cling to their favorite ticket speculators to the end that the public may put up as usual right along. If actors were not engaged in cutting each others' throats they might combine, and by weighing up things before and behind the curtain on an equitable basis, call the attention of the public to the racket, and make their point after all. But they don't know enough for that, so they'll get left as usual.

All the stock people of the profession are suffering from a great scare that has spoiled the fun of their vacation. The managers hold off and refuse to make any engagements on the excuse that they want to survey the field before making up their routes this year. They pretend they are afraid of the Presidential campaign and the rivalry of torch-light processions. But they are not. They see their chance to make the tyrant actor weaker, and they are working the oracle for all it's worth. The actors don't drop; they weaken, and the plotters are getting the dead wood on them.

The brains of the dude are not very pronounced. How lucky that is for McCaul in his Casino management. It makes it possible to play off jingle tunes and legs of various degrees of symmetry for genuine opera. If there were brain in the audience there might be a kick against the horrid "rot" of the dialogue in these wretchedly translated German operas. "The Beggar Student" and "Falka," for instance, could not have been worse literary specimens if they had emanated from a primary school or a lunatic asylum. It must be an audience of fools that tolerate such idiotic trash. How fortunate for the German authors that they don't understand English.

There are sports and sports. Nat. Goodwin wants to figure as one of them always. In San Francisco the other day, however, the tiger caught the sportive youth from Boston to the extent of his boodle, and not content, he continued his game on promissory notes, given to Morris, the keeper of the game, to the tune of \$5,000. These he repudiated the next day. At Elko, Nevada, on his return East, however, Nat. was caught by the Sheriff, and got off only by depositing \$1,000 under protest. Out West the sports mean business every time when they stake their pile, and when Nat. pleads the baby act to save his money, that settles him out there. You can't play sports in those parts. You must be what you seem and be pure grit all through.

What a world it is! Especially in its dramatic department. Here is plucky John A. Stevens, who has been the architect of not only his own good fortunes, but of other men's, too, fallen into the shadow of ill-luck for a time. And what do you think? That his "friends" all rally to his support? That the men he lent money to keep them from starving united to give him a boost, or at least a word of cheer? Not much. On the contrary, they are all jumping on him in their sneaking, cowardly way. It's good for John that he has got this lesson. He has the pluck and stamina to get on his legs again, and he'll know the sneaks the next time. This time it isn't his fault. The next it will be, and if he goes around playing the philanthropist and loaning money recklessly, he'll deserve to get it "right in the neck."

Never say die, is the motto of America's inevitable strawberry blonde, Lotta. They couldn't knock her out in London, and she's coming back to us with what promises to be the veritable novelty and sensation of the season—the French vaudeville, "Ni-touche." When Charlotte loses her grip the world is

going to come to an end, you bet. And yet she turns up her nose still at the sighing swains, who claim her hand with an eye on the boodle it contains. Fortune-hunters waste their time in that direction. If they fool with her they'll find, instead of capturing her and her pile, the flirtation will end in her acquisition of a mortgage on all their property, and no weak sentiment will prevent her foreclosing it dead sure. Charlotte's a business woman, she is, and she means business every time.

Anything will do in the opera line out West, it seems. Emma Abbott has understood this for years, and has made a fortune by raiding the wild West with a wretched crowd of alleged singers—she herself being the worst of the lot. Now, however, others have tumbled to her game, and she is to have rivals in the cheap lyric drama. Zelda Segula is going out with a company of ten nobodies on the stage and ten musicians for the orchestra. The choruses will be cut out of all the operas of the repertory, and all the difficult airs will be omitted for the comfort of the "singers." Several other companies of the same sort are going on the road; so the Western public are going to have music in their ears, indeed, this time. The Abbott will continue in the field as usual, answering encores in "Faust" and "Lucia" by singing "Nearer, My God, to Thee" and "The Sweet By and By," which the wild denizens of the prairies are willing to believe are gems of Gounod and Bellini. If nothing succeeds like success, equally true is it that nothing pays like cheek.

There is fun ahead. That daughter of Satan, the opera bouffé Judie, has been engaged for an American tour by Maurice Grau. She is the most talented and the broadest of the whole "caboodle." Even in Paris when she dressed in dragon rig, and climbed walls, and performed other antics they held up their hands in blank amazement. She saved herself every time by her superlative *chic*, however. When it came to riding a horse astride, however, the sensation was so great in the front of the house, that the censor concluded Paris couldn't stand it, and Judie was forbidden to appear upon her steed. If Paris couldn't, how can New York? True we have seen Almee ride a horse *en cavalier* at the Grand Opera House in Col. Flisk's time, but Almee isn't Judie, you know. Evidently the dodes, and other people, too, are going to have a thrilling sensation if Comstock doesn't interfere.

Somebody is going to be left in the spectacular rivalry of next season, "for sure." The Kralfys, who all along have had the bulge, are not going to have a walk-over this time. Poole & Gilmore are going in at Niblo's with the German spectacle, "The Seven Ravens," which the Kralfys thought they owned exclusively. The Brothers, on Aug. 26, will open at the Star theatre with the Eden theatre ballet spectacle, "Sleba," with the original scenery and costumes and a part of the cast from Paris. This is a companion pantomime to "Excelsior," not a word being spoken in the entire dramatic action. The Kralfys, however, won't trust to dumb show a second time. They've had the plot written up in dialogue, and have engaged a dramatic company to interpret it in addition to the ballet people. "Excelsior" is also to have dialogue added to insure its run for a second season. That's good solid "hoss sense" on their part, we take it, and again they'll scoop in the shekels in consequence of their cunning.

How very fresh some of the alleged dramatic critics are! It is esteemed proper wit among them to rail at actresses of talent on the score of age. Idiots! A pretty woman is only as old as she looks—not a day older. And as for calculations of age, they are all off. It must be remembered that a girl of fifteen, brought up on the stage, plays a matronly part often at a childhood age, and continues to play the term of her youth in more youthful parts as she progresses in experience. It is amusing and provoking, too, to hear an old ass say "Miss So-and-So? She must be sixty, for I saw her playing adult parts when I was a boy." The truth is, he was twenty-two when she was a girl of barely fifteen, was made up on the stage to represent Lady Capulet, or some insignificant matronly part. That was twenty years ago. She is well preserved at thirty-five, and he worn out at forty-two, and yet because he saw her "when I was a boy," he argues that she must be twenty years older than he. Bah! Sit down on these fools! The actress looks twenty-five; therefore, by the logic of reality as well as of gallantry, that is the sum of her years. A woman, on or off the stage, is never old so long as she retains the power to be charming in the sight of men.

A SPORT ALL THROUGH.

Something About Ned. Mallahan—His Experience and His Record.

[With Portrait.]

Among the jovial good fellows and sports of the metropolis none is better known than Ed. Mallahan, whose portrait we publish this week. Either in the sporting world or as the genial boniface of his famous sporting house, No. 429 Sixth avenue, New York, Ed.'s good companionable qualities show to advantage. He was born March 17, 1849, at New Haven, Conn., but pitched his tent in New York in 1860. After participating as a leader in the metropolitan sports of the time until 1863, he left for the Pacific Slope. He established a sporting house at White Pine, Nev., and "boomed" sports in the neighborhood. Among his ring affairs was the matching of Johnny Grady, "the Connemara Ram," against Johnny McGlade, of New York. He trained and seconded Grady, who beat McGlade in thirty-four rounds, the battle being fought in John Wilson's circus tent at White Pine. Mallahan then went to San Francisco and filled an engagement at Brooks & Tour's Theatre Comique, where he sparred with Billy Dwyer, of San Francisco, who was afterward fatally stabbed by Jack Harrington, better known as Happy Jack. Mallahan, with Billy Dwyer, then succeeded Chris. Buckley and Tim McCarthy (now a State Senator) in the Snug Saloon, under Maguire's Opera House, on Washington street, San Francisco. He then went to Stockton, Cal., and opened a large sporting saloon on El Dorado street, where he flourished until July, 1872, when he returned to New York and reopened the Gem sporting saloon, corner Houston street.

After a lapse of two years he opened a saloon in West Thirtieth street. He then, with Billy Borst and James Irving, opened the famous Empire on Sixth avenue. After making a large amount of money Mallahan and Borst withdrew and opened the Alhambra theatre, one of the most famous resorts at that time in this city. Ed. is an authority on ring affairs, and is the best and most reliable of referees.

LANGTRY'S BATH-TUB.

It is Made an "Ad." and Raises a Stage Row Among the "Stars."

A female dramatic critic of San Francisco has given a *casus belli* by printing that the secret of the Lily's beauty and success is her extreme cleanliness.

"Isn't that rough on the other actresses, though?" said Bartley Campbell.

"How is the statement for general truth, Bartley?" inquired a POLICE GAZETTE artist.

"My dear fellow! What a question to ask me!" said Bartley, with a blush.

"I thought you had been in the profession long enough to know," explained Mr. Crayon, abashed.

"I assure you no," said the long dramatist. "There's Jim O'Neill, he's hugged more women on the stage, in a professional way, than any other man in the business. Ask him."

We stopped Jim and put the question.

"Every actress I ever hugged before the public was purity itself," said Jim, "and when any old crowd of a spectacled blue-stocking undertakes to say that an English actress has come over here to set the fashion of taking baths among our actresses, the ducking-stool of our forefathers ought to be revived for her especial behoof. That's what I think about it, and I speak by the card."

"Then the young women of the stage do take baths?"

"Do? Why, the young American women of the boards are as sweet as peaches. They are as nice as they look, and the actor who has the privilege of giving them a professional embrace has nothing to complain of and much to thank his stars for."

Jim's eyes flashed as he said this, and he was evidently mad, so Crayon pursued the subject no further.

When Col. Brown, the dramatic agent, was questioned on this subject of bathing among actresses he was also indignant.

"The idea," he said, "of Langtry being set up as the leader of cleanliness for a new fashion among the stars of the stage! Why, I know of a leading sensational actress who is so very clean that her leading man is intoxicated by her every night after the fourth act."

"Oh, what are you giving me?" exclaimed the artist, in the polite phrase prescribed in the POLICE GAZETTE book of etiquette.

"The straight tip, Cully," said the colonel, responding according to the book of green-room courtesy. "She was so clean that the leading man had a 'still' every night after the performance."

Jim Collier afterward explained this mystery to Crayon.

The actress has a scene of violent, physical exertion in the third act, and her maid bathes her in whisky from head to foot every night after that act to prevent the star from taking cold. The fourth act is all quiet love business, and the leading man gets drunk through the nostrils from the perfume of the beautiful woman he has to embrace.

So! That's what the poetic writers mean when they dwell on "the intoxicating beauty" of our stage belles.

The opinions of many other actors, and even of the dressers and maids, were taken by our prying artist, and they were all indignant at the blue-stocking assumption that Langtry introduced the bath-tub as a stage novelty. All agree that soap and water (and lavatory whisky, too) were common "props" before the Lily came on the scene.

A MURDERER GIVES HIMSELF AWAY.

[With Portrait.]

On Sunday, July 20, Charles Elliott arrived in Lowell, Mass., from Boston. He stopped at the Jackson House, where he had been employed for a month during the spring, and where he was therefore acquainted with all the employees. Monday morning, after taking breakfast with Cass Woodman, the cook at the house, he asked Woodman to give him something to take, as he felt blue. Woodman asked what the trouble was, and Elliott said he had quarreled with his wife Sunday on Lynde street, in Boston. Woodman asked if he had hurt her badly. Elliott replied he had done worse. He had choked her to death, and said he desired to get out of the way, and asked Woodman where he should go. Woodman did not advise him, but Elliott said he thought he should make for New Hampshire. He left the house, and between 7 and 8 o'clock told substantially the same story to Warren Hamblett, the crossing-tender of the Boston and Lowell road on Butter street. Elliott was slightly under the influence of liquor at the time, and Hamblett did not believe the story.

Meantime the body of Hattie Elliott, the wife, had been found in her apartments by the police, who had hunted for the residence on the clew telegraphed from Lowell, although at first the story was discredited. She had been choked to death, as the man had described. She was thirty-three years of age, resided in apartments in a house on Lynde street adjoining Jordan & Marsh's dry goods store, and was employed as a waitress in a restaurant. Elliott had killed her in a fit of jealousy. After leaving Lowell the murderer took to by-ways and woods. He succeeded in throwing the officers off his scent, but an old farmer, at Hooksett, who reads the POLICE GAZETTE, and therefore knows all the news promptly, laid hands on him when he came to the house to get a meal and delivered him over to the authorities. He was taken to Boston and locked up to await trial.

A SOUTHERN ATHLETE.

A Professor of Wrestling Who Looks to New York for a Match.

[With Portrait.]

The South boasts in the person of Prof. Will Willie, an all-round athlete of no mean order. His record runs as follows: At James Island, S. C., in August, 1862, he ran a mile in 4 minutes, 30 1/4 seconds. In 1863 he challenged any one in Lee's army to wrestle him Græco-Roman style, and won twelve legitimate matches. In 1863 he defeated A. White, champion of Oregon, in the city of Portland, for \$100 a side. In 1868 he defeated Jim Ollendorf at Virginia City, Nev., for \$300 a side. In 1872 he defeated David St. Clair, champion of Mississippi, for \$50 a side and gate money. In April, 1874, he defeated Pedro Gonzales, Græco-Roman style; on July 4, 1883, defeated Andy Spears at Ironton, Ohio. In August, 1883, he conquered the Kentucky Giant, Sandy Chapman, at Catlettsburgh, Ky.; in December, 1883, vanquished Prof. W. G. Watson, amateur champion of the South, at Nashville, Tenn., and defeated Pat Monahan at Charleston, S. C. He next challenged James Quigley, champion of the New York police force, but his challenge, which is still open, has evoked no response. All accounts agree that the professor is a good one.

They Had No Faith In Him.

For several weeks a red-headed young man has been preaching the "faith" doctrine throughout the rural precincts of Knox county, Ind., claiming to be a disciple of that faith which cures disease simply by the laying on of hands. The young man was accompanied by his wife on his missionary labors. The preacher's name is M. I. Garrison. He graduated at Hanover College some twelve or fifteen years ago, but in the early part of his collegiate course was regarded as the black sheep of the institution. The preaching racket did not pay very well, and he tried to humbug the public with the faith-cure business, but the citizens of Bicknell, Ind., did not take much stock in him or his profession.

During a meeting at that place recently a beet that had been too long separated from mother earth—longer than was proper for its own good condition—was thrown in at the window. This seemed the signal for the assault, and addled eggs followed rapidly. One of the latter struck a young lady, Miss Aggie Davis, in the breast, and great confusion and indignation followed. As the preacher marched out of the church with his wife he was attacked and knocked down.

She Wanted To Roast Herself.

A foolish young woman, who abandoned her husband and little child and a comfortable country home to become the mistress of an old New York roue, aged sixty years, pointed a thrilling moral the other day. She figured in a most sensational scene at an early hour on the morning of Friday, July 25, at the Flower City House, No. 17 Clinton street. The woman, who was known as Ida Lee, had a quarrel with her paramour after having drank freely with him during the night, and he left her in a passion. In her crazy rage the woman piled on the floor all her fine raiment, the gift of her lover, and setting fire to it lay down on the floor beside it to die. The smoke alarmed the other inmates of the hotel, who broke into the room and extinguished the fire with some difficulty. When the woman was dragged out and resuscitated she acted like a maniac, and became so violent that it was found necessary to send her to Bellevue Hospital.

The history of the young woman is a sad one. She was a young woman of education and refinement, the daughter of a well-to-do farmer of Goshen, N. Y. Ten years ago, when quite young, she married a young man named Hunt, and the couple lived for four years in the village of Goshen. They were very happy until one day Mrs. Hunt met on a railroad train a frisky and dashing chap, old enough to be her father. He had the "gift of gab" and impressed



SHE BUILT HER FUNERAL PYRE.

SHE MAKES A BONFIRE OF HER CLOTHING WITH THE DESIGN OF ROASTING HERSELF IN HER HOTEL BEDROOM IN NEW YORK CITY.

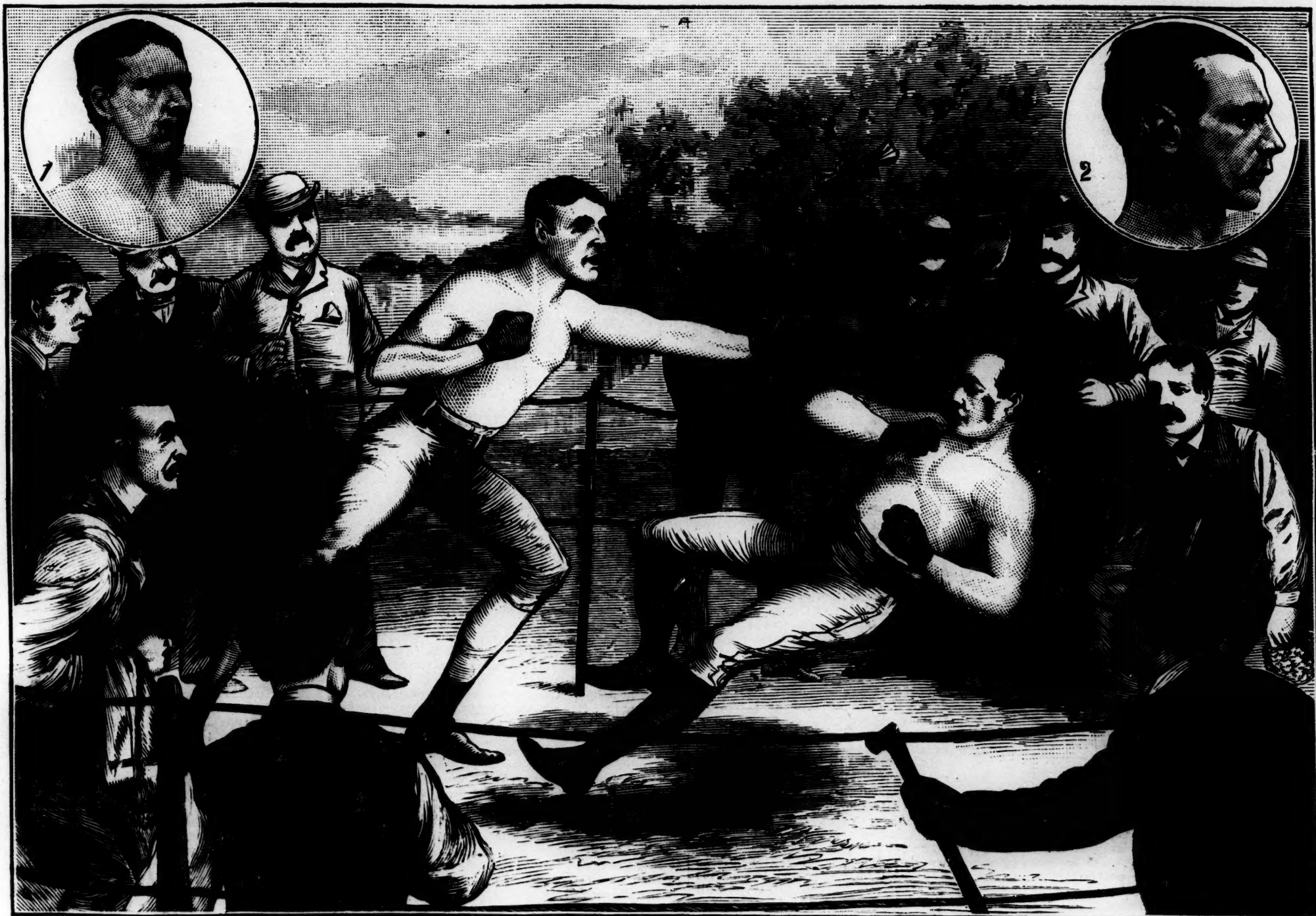
her with the belief that he was not only a charming person but a Gothamite of fabulous wealth. The silly wife was evidently impressed with his style, but she repulsed him bravely enough at first. He saw his advantage, though, and persistently dogged her. She at first consented to surreptitious meetings "just for fun." Then scandal began to fly about. The husband at first laughed at the stories, but the old Lothario cast his nets about her so firmly that the flirting joke became dead earnest, and she fled from her home with her hoary-headed paramour. They came to New York and established themselves in a boarding-house as husband and wife, under the name of Lee. The faithless wife was no more faithful to her lover, though. She made many conquests of young men, who lavished money on her. Half a dozen were ruined by her. The old man meantime lavished money on her, but as he was often away on business she had a clear field to prey on the young men, who were not loath to be preyed upon by so pretty a woman. He discovered her faithlessness accidentally, and, after upbraiding her, left her, he said, forever. Then the crazed and drunken woman attempted to roast herself alive as detailed above. The old fool (who is a wealthy coal-broker, they say) is not cured yet, for he has been a constant attendant at the bedside of the erring woman in the hospital, and has furnished money in abundance to make her comfortable.

A Death-Bed Marriage.

A short married life was that of Frederick A. Cowdin, who was wedded to Gertrude Morey in West Brookfield, Mass., early one afternoon, recently, and died between 3 and 4 o'clock the same day. The couple had been engaged for over a year, but owing to Mr. Cowdin's poor health the marriage had been deferred. He came from his home in Cambridge a few weeks since, and till within a few days appeared to be in better spirits. Consumption had taken fatal hold upon his system, however, and when it was apparent that the end was near he desired to have the marriage ceremony performed. The Rev. Thomas Robb, pastor of the Congregational church, was called to the bedside to pronounce the solemn words, when the groom was so low that his replies were hardly audible. The excitement, undoubtedly, hastened the end.

"HELLO!" said the editor to the obsequious individual who daily sauntered in the sanctum to occupy the best chair and confiscate the exchanges. "Why are you a different son of a gun from what I am?"

"I don't know, I am sure," grinned the visitor. "Because I'm rifled and you're a smooth bore."



DEMPSEY AND FULLJAMES FIGHT.

THEY HAVE IT OUT AT LAST, AND FULLJAMES LOSES AFTER A PLUCKY STRUGGLE AGAINST OVERWHELMING ODDS. No. 1—JACK DEMPSEY. No. 2—GEORGE FULLJAMES.



WASHING OUT A MUSEUM.

A TIDAL WAVE AT CONEY ISLAND GIVES A MUCH-NEEDED BATH TO A DIME DIVE AND SPOILS THE COMPLEXIONS OF THE "CURIOSITIES."



HATTIE ELLIOTT,

THE RESTAURANT WAITER-GIRL, CHOKED TO DEATH BY HER JEALOUS HUSBAND.

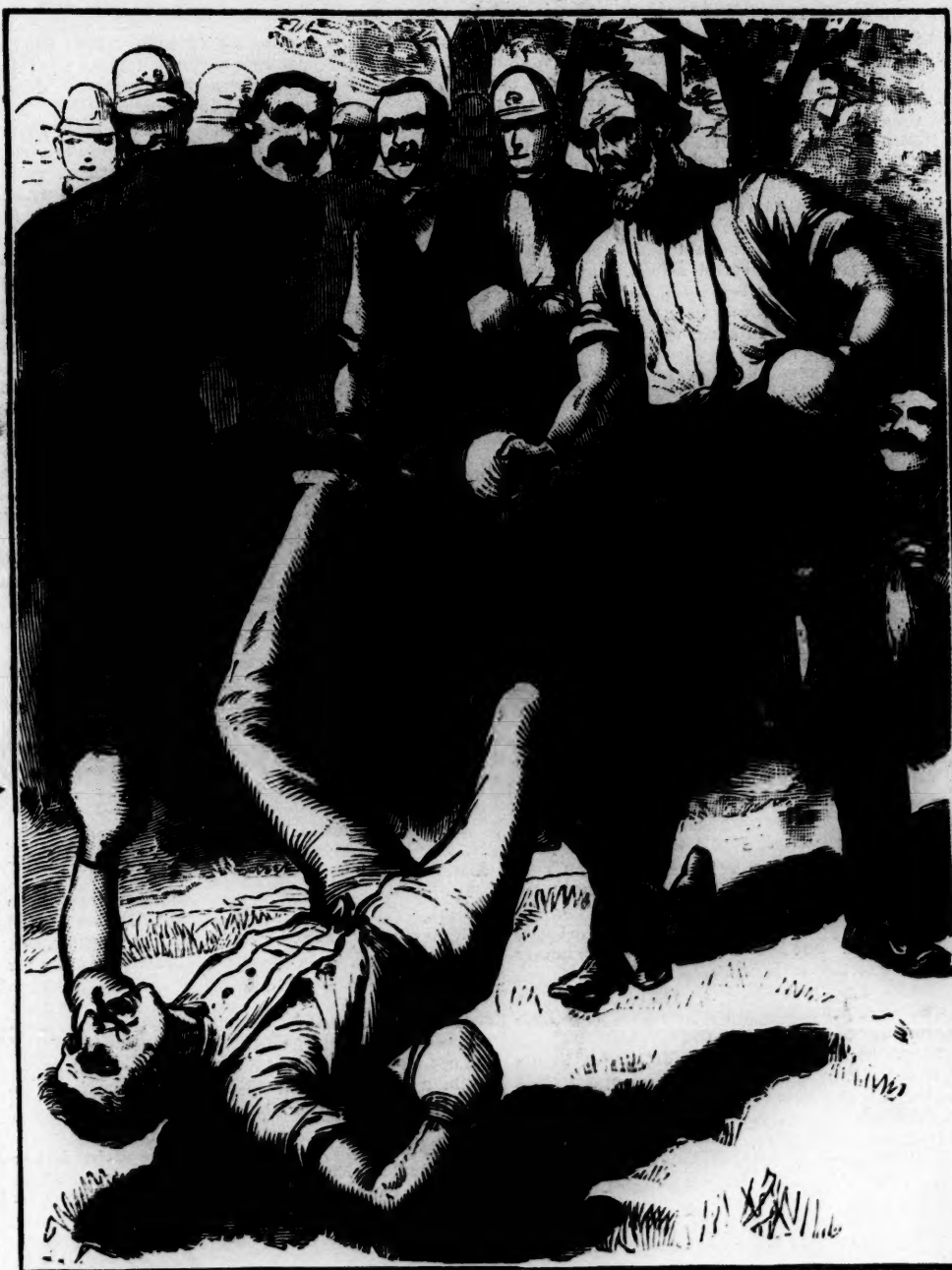
An Iowa Embezzler.

The offer made in the POLICE GAZETTE by H. L. Weston, Sheriff of Jasper county, Iowa, of \$500 reward for the arrest and detention of Jerome G. Cotton, defaulting cashier of the Newton (Iowa) Bank, was effectual. The man



JEROME G. COTTON,

DEFAULTING CASHIER OF THE BANK OF NEWTON, IOWA.



HIS LORDSHIP IS LAID OUT.

MANDEVILLE PUTS ON THE GLOVES AT A POLICE PICNIC TO GIVE A VETERAN NEW YORK "COP" SOME POINTS IN SPARRING, WITH ASTONISHING RESULTS.



CHARLES ELLIOTT,

THE BOSTON WIFE-MURDERER, WHO "GAVE HIMSELF AWAY" AT LOWELL, MASS.

was captured at Fort Townsend, Oregon, where he was passing under the name of Jay George. It is said he owes the bank \$45,000, having lost that sum in wheat speculations. He took away with him \$3,000 to carry him on his trip. Sheriff Weston was notified, and sent officers to take the cashier into custody.



ELLA LARRABEE,

THE BEAUTIFUL BROOKLYN BURGLAR WHO "MASHED" HER JUDGES.

THE BROADWAY ROUNDER.

No. XII.

Snares of the Great City.

BLACKMAILERS OF GOTHAM AND THEIR CUNNING ARTS.

I was talking to Captain "Billy" Connor the other day. Everybody knows the gallant captain, who knows everybody in turn. He is a chipper, handsome, sawed-off, bald-headed little gentleman, who used to be the greatest starter Jerome Park ever knew. Indeed, he was the first officer of that kind the Park ever had. Then he married one of the charming Webb sisters and went into the theatrical business on his own hook. To his sturdy energy and loyal friendship, as much as to anything else, does John McCullough owe the large fortune he has accumulated on the stage. He is now the proprietor of the St. James' Hotel in New York, having succeeded Plunger Walton as a boniface.

While I was talking with him the other day who should range alongside but Bob Miles, Cincinnati and New York theatre manager and horse-breeder.

THE COLONEL'S BIG SCHEME.

Col. Miles and I fell to talking about new plays, and in the course of our conversation he told me that he was going to bring out a comedy on a new "motive," to wit, blackmail. A photographer is in the act of taking an instantaneous view of a house as a car rolls by. Just as the car gets in the field of the camera a wagon runs into it and overturns it. In the act of overturning it throws all the ladies in the car into the arms of the gentlemen. The whole affair, happening as it does, within the scope of the photographer's lens, all the parties are portrayed in their accidental but rather compromising positions. The photographer, being a rascal, sees his opportunity and thereupon blackmails all concerned until the key to the picture is supplied and his villainy exposed.

I was thinking over this rather original and amusing plot, and conjecturing how much money passes annually between the blackmailers and the blackmailed of this country, when I became conscious of the fact that a strange-looking man was dodging behind the columns of the hotel portico stealthily watching two gentlemen engaged in conversation on the other side of the street. He was of the queerest and weirdest aspect, with a weaselly face, a very palpable red-brown wig, thin lips, thin mustache, long, sharp nose and a pair of gold eyeglasses. If ever a man deserved the epithet "hatchet-faced," it was this man. He was dressed in the height of fashion, and carried a cane of the most expensive and fashionable variety.

If I hadn't known all about him I might have put him down as a private detective. But he wasn't—by a long shot. On the contrary I recognized him as a man who for twenty five years has openly and avowedly made a living by getting hold of other people's secrets and selling them—usually to the parties most involved. Like St. Paul, he has been in prisons oft and has been beaten with many stripes, as well as worn them, but he has never given up his noisome trade for an hour. In this great, good-natured city there are few men, even those who know his calling, who will not consort with him, and though his testimony is utterly worthless in courts of justice, on the ground of his conviction, he is often occupied in getting up lawsuits.

He has been published by name over and over again as a professional blackmailer. Some newspapers have published *fac-similes* of the commitments under which he "did his stretch." In fact he has been more "exposed" than any man living—and yet he lives, and moves, and seems to have a very good time of it after all. The fellow actually pays taxes on property paid for by the proceeds of open and undisguised blackmail.

WORKING THE POST-OFFICE.

On seeing him at such an appropriate moment, I recalled another blackmailer by profession, who "works" the post-office and the matinees. He is a tall, slender, quite good looking young fellow, with a black mustache and a Hebraic cast of countenance, who dresses in the extreme style, and would pass for a successful stock-broker. Just as the wigged and eyeglassed person of the first part of this sketch operates usually on elderly men of business and mercantile luminaries, the younger scoundrel preys on smaller fry and especially on women.

He carries out his scheme thus wise: Attired in gorgeous apparel he hangs round the lobby of the post-office in the neighborhood of the ladies' window. There he waits until his keen and practiced eye detects some silly young married woman, or equally foolish school-girl of good family in the act of getting her clandestine correspondence. That gives him his opportunity. In detective parlance he shadows her to her home. A few dexterous but cautious questions furnish him with all the information about his victim necessary to his infernal purpose, and, in due time, the hapless woman or girl receives, by a messenger (usually of the female sex), a vague anonymous note advising her that all is known to the operator. The female messenger generally lies in wait for the victim on the street or in some store—especially if the latter be a school-girl. To have her accosted by a man might cause complications of a kind to defeat the ends of the blackmailer.

WOMEN WHO GIVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

It rarely takes more than the first shot to make the bird tumble headlong into the gunner's pocket, and if he is an astute operator, and the game is juicy and tender, he can keep on plucking a feather now and a fatter then—in the shape of a ten dollar bill—until he has extracted quite a lot of money.

Another cruising-ground of this heartless rascal is, as I have said before, any popular theatre during a matinee performance. He is pretty sure to come across another woman's husband flirting with another man's wife, and in such a case bags what sportsmen call "a double event." Coney Island has yielded him lots of business—so much, indeed, that he has three competitors in the field, one of whom openly boasts

a little while ago that it was a very poor week which didn't yield him \$150, "with all the fun I want thrown in."

This unconscionable rogue doesn't depend altogether on other men's flirtations for his profit, but being a reasonably good-looking fellow, often combines pleasure with business by turning his own "shape" to account. He is quite given to promenading Broadway of a fine afternoon, ogling all the ladies he comes across. As soon as he sees one who strikes his fancy and appears to be reciprocally impressed by his own charms, he first makes a deliberate "dash" of her, and then, when the spell is broken and they break apart, offers to sell her all her letters to him for a large consideration, which is generally paid after a very short period of demur.

Not long ago he drew into his net the elderly wife of one of the best-known physicians in New York. She was certainly old enough to be his mother, but the knave so adroitly "played" her that she wrote him letters which would have been ridiculous from a fourteen-year-old school-girl. Then, all of a sudden, out of a clear sky, fell the thunderbolt which knocked the poor, silly old creature into a condition next door to actual craziness. A leader in society, and quite prominent as she was among the sweetest of the swell, she was astounded to receive a sharp, concise note from the object of her misplaced affections, demanding \$500 as the price of the return of her gushing epistles. She fainted—for the poor thing had done nothing at all criminal—but she raised the \$500 and got her letters.

WOMEN WHO DON'T GIVE THEMSELVES AWAY.

I know another blackmailer by profession, who, being a woman, ought to be called either a blackfemale or a blackmailress, I suppose. She is a handsome, elderly woman of many accomplishments and the most lady-like demeanor. She looks like Fanny Morant when made up as a French marchioness of the ancient rule, and was born in Montreal. She has been many things in her time. Fifteen or twenty years ago she was quite a belle in Canadian society. Then she got mixed up in a scandal with a British officer, and eloped with him. Then she came to the United States, tried her hand at all sorts of trades, and finally became one of Pinkerton's private female detectives. That gave her the idea of her present vocation. While working for Pinkerton she "went crooked" on two or three occasions. It is one of the features of the Pinkerton Agency that none of the employees can go wrong three times without being "got on to."

She was caught in an act of treason, and immediately bounced. Upon which she came to New York and set up in business as a regular blackmailer. Her racket is to get into a sort of social set, particularly at the watering-places and in second-rate hotels, in the guise of a rich and well-connected widow. Her manners and accomplishments helped her scheme, and the cruel adventures she received into some really respectable and prominent families.

In a few weeks she grew intimate with their secrets, and where no scandals or *titbits* previously existed she easily contrived to get some up. Some married man or married woman would surely fall into the snare, and, under pressure, yield a handsome amount of hush money. She had several aliases, and has committed polygamy—to put it very mildly.

One of her patients got back at her some months ago. He was an adventurer of the same sort, and when she threatened him with the exposure of his relations with a young girl at Long Branch he burst out laughing in her face, and advised her not to meddle with him.

"I've got you down fine, old lady," was his reply, "and if you open your head about me I'll show you up like a Zulu Kafir."

She concluded to keep her head closed.

The funniest phase of the blackmailing art is that which is practiced by some of the "gangs" on the west side of town—and it has the merit, by the way, of bearing the closest analogy to the original article. The leader of a "gang" lays a whole block under toll. So long as he and his "pals" are kept in a reasonable amount of beer and eatables, with a quarter thrown in now and then, he guarantees to see that the ash-barrels of his tributaries are not molested, and that their "growlers" are not waylaid and impounded on their transit from the nearest saloon. And if any other alien depredator, belonging to some other "gang," comes along that way to carry on his piratical pursuits, the local blackmailer, with all his clan, is pledged to do battle for his tax-payers.

This is a revival of the real old Highland system of blackmail, and is practiced in New York, in this present year of grace, to an almost incredible extent—incredible in view of the fact that our police are the finest in the world. By the way, a clever way says it's all a matter of spelling, and concedes gladly that they are beyond all doubt the finest—*with a "d" and an "e" thrown in.*

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

DAN KANE'S WIFE AND DOG.

A Lady Dog-Fancier Who is Interested in Fighting Canines.

[With Portrait.]

Mrs. Daniel Kane, the subject of the present sketch, is rather a remarkable character in her way, being the only woman in this country with a record in the matter of attendance upon canine encounters. She has been present at all the fights in which dogs owned or "handled" by her husband have participated, and they reach a total of over fifty. While the fight is in progress she always occupies a prominent position near the pit, encouraging her favorite with her voice, which is not always pitched in a low key. Before the dog enters the pit she is his comforter, and after the battle his faithful nurse. She is also interested in the manly art, as witness her attendance in male attire at the Mace-Coburn fight, near New Orleans, a number of years ago. Her pet canine at the present time is Paddy, the best dog of his weight in the West.

He has already three hard-fought battles to his credit, in each of which he killed his opponent. His maiden effort in the pit was against a dog called Rodney, at Newport, Ky. Paddy was victorious in 57 minutes. He next killed Jack, a dog belonging to a Cincinnati saloon-keeper. This fight took place near Latonia Springs, Ky., and lasted 59 minutes. His last and hardest fought was with Spring, his half-brother. It took place at the Two-Mile House on the Lexington Pike, and lasted 1 hour and 10 minutes. This fight created wide-spread interest, and it was twice broken up by the presence of a large number of roughs who had money staked on the result and did not want the fight to take place. Mr. and Mrs. Kane are a happy couple in their private life, and have a cozy home on Fifth street, Cincinnati.

A POLITE SCRAPPING MATCH.

Cleary and Burke Handle Each Other Too Daintily With the Gloves.

The long-pending glove encounter between Mike Cleary, the conqueror of George Rooke, Wm. Sheriff, the Prussian, and Jem Goode, and Jack Burke, the Irish lad, who recently came from England, was brought to an unsatisfactory conclusion at Irving Hall, on Monday evening, July 28. The pugilists, with their backers, met at the POLICE GAZETTE office on July 2, and signed articles of agreement to box four rounds according to the "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent. of the gate receipts, Richard K. Fox to appoint the time-keeper, and the referee to be selected on the evening of the contest. After the match was made Cleary went into training at Fort Hamilton and Burke went into training at Tarrytown, on the Hudson, under the able mentorship of Prof. Young Nixey. In the meantime sporting men who had read of Burke fighting a draw with Charley Mitchell, and knowing that he offered to fight any pugilist in America, on his arrival, backed him to knock out Cleary. Meanwhile Cleary had ratified another engagement to box Jem Goode at Chicago, and he went on to the Garden City and knocked Goode out in short order. Cleary's achievement made his admirers believe that he would certainly knock out Burke, and there was considerable money wagered at odds on the result, both Cleary and Burke's admirers backing their champions freely. On the day of the contest sporting men from Philadelphia, Boston, Albany and Connecticut came on to witness the affair, and Irving Hall was packed at an early hour.

Among the audience were the following noted celebrities:

Tony Pastor, Billy and Warry Edwards, Harry Hill, Billy Bennett, Joe Coburn, Mart Malone, John Flood, Johnny Stack, John Carpenter, Frank Stevenson, Gus Tuthill, Warren H. Lewis, Prof. Laffin, John Wood, Tom Gould, Denny Costigan, Gus Lipmann, Prof. McClellan, Wm. F. McCoy, Geo. Bogart, Richard K. Fox, Topsy McGuire, Pete Donohue, Chas. M. Reynolds, Geo. Bartholomew, *Daily News*: Gus Hill, John H. Cusack, Jimmy Patterson, John Owens, Frank Russell, Capt. Dwyer, Mike Coburn, Joe Burns, Wm. R. Travers, Leonard W. Jerome, Rhineland Stewart, Hon. Barney Martin, Ed. Stokes, Shep. Knapp, E. G. Gilmore, Barney Biglin, Mike Cregan, Wm. F. Howe, Henry J. Rice, Larry O'Brien, Billy Tracey, Charley Johnston, Charley Norton, Prof. Nixey, Joe Woolley, Newark, N. J.; Harry King, Capt. McCullagh, Capt. Clinchy, Mike Costello, Ed. Hanley, John Murphy, John Thompson, "On Hand," Andy Kelly, Tom Draper, Joe O'Donnell, Joe Rosenbaum, Charley O'Connor, Eugene Lynch, Tom Conklin, John Roney, Washington, D. C.; Wes. Allen; Tom Albers, Johnny Saunders, Jack Bowles, Dr. L. C. Thomas, Henry Seelig, Abe Cokley, John McManus, Billy Madden, George Mason, Harry Munson, Dominick McCaffrey, Ed. Mallahan, Matt. Mallahan, Barney Maguire, Arthur Mullen, James McCabe, James Pilkington, Eph. Morris, Geo. Saulson, Hial H. Stoddard, Jim Dunne, Prof. Wm. Hoefler, Billy Campbell, Aldermen Farley and Shields, Wm. Hastings, Ex-Judge Curtis, Hon. Mike Norton, Joe Young.

The sweltering crowd were treated to a first-class fistic entertainment long before the hour set for Cleary and Burke to meet. Young Tom Allen and Jack Flies made a capital display of boxing, and then Bill England, the "great" English pugilist whom George Rooke smothered with the buckskins some weeks back at Harry Hill's, stepped into the arena followed by Steve Taylor, a pugilist, who, during the decade, could hold his own with any of the heavy weights.

There was quite a buzz when England faced Taylor, every one expecting to see the Britisher make a chopping-block of the New Jersey heavy-weight champion, and gain glory for the country he is named after. He failed to make his mark, however. Taylor hit, landed his left on Gravesend, then on Greenwich, then swung his right in on London, Manchester, Birmingham and Sheffield, amid the cheers of the spectators, and one sporting man said, "If Burke is no better than England, both of them should return by steerage to London at once." After England and Taylor retired Joe Fowler and George Young, Charley McCoy and Jim McCune, both of Philadelphia, engaged the attention of the audience. Jack Keenan and Mattie Golden, both of Philadelphia, gave a rattling set-to after the others had disappeared.

After a full bill of fare in the boxing line, Jack Burke entered the hall and proceeded to the stage, clad in a pair of baseball shoes and light trunks, his body bare above the waist. He was followed by Mike Cleary, who wore his shirt cut decollete and a pair of tight-laced congress garters. Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., appeared as second for Burke, a similar office being performed by Mike Coburn for Cleary.

There was a long wrangle over a referee. Both men wanted William E. Harding, the sporting editor of the POLICE GAZETTE, to fill that position, but he declined. Finally it was decided for Cleary to select a referee and Burke to do the same. Prof. Wm. McClellan was chosen for Cleary and E. Plummer was selected by Burke, while Billy Edwards was appointed time-keeper.

Burke was seconded by Charley Norton, of Newark, N. J., and Prof. Young Nixey, while Mike Coburn and Bob Smith were in Cleary's corner.

In the first round the boxing was very tame, both being afraid to take any openings. Burke landed twice on Cleary's face, however, without a return, and the contest began to appear a sparring match for points instead of a knock out.

In the second round the men awoke and tried to do some fighting. Burke rattled away at Cleary, landing several blows on his face, but they lacked force and did not seem to do any damage. Cleary appeared to be in a quandary. He had many opportunities to land the auctioneer's, but he was either afraid or was too polite to do so.

Burke had decidedly the better of the affair. In the third round the Englishman landed numerous blows on Cleary. Several times he pretended to rub the perspiration off his forehead, and when Cleary would go to land his right, Burke would nail him heavily. Burke repeated this trick several times with great success.

In the fourth round it was plain that neither would be knocked out. Burke continued to land blow after blow on Cleary's face, and acroftly evaded a return, but the blows were merely taps and lacked force. Cleary countered one or two of them, but he did not show the same dash, vim and steam as he did in his

contest with Goode and Sheriff. At the conclusion of the affair Prof. Wm. C. McClellan decided it a draw, while Plummer, the other referee, said Burke had won on points. The receipts were divided. Burke had decidedly the better of the affair, which even Cleary's friends admitted, but no one could claim the money they had invested on the referees' divided decisions. The public, who had paid their money to see a knock-out, were very much dissatisfied with this tame ending of a tame affair.

PERILS OF CONEY ISLAND.

The Orgies of the Lost Souls and the Dangers of Night on the Sands.

[Subject of Illustration.]

Though the saying prevails that "Coney Island was made for the countrymen," the merry sands are not exclusively for the yahoos. Not by a considerable. All sorts of fish are caught there, and all sorts of traps are open to the unwary or the too reckless who hall often from the great city itself, where, for all the claims that we are "fly," great "suckers" abound. It is for the vicious New Yorker that the flash belle of the sands casts her coy *ocillades*, and *vice versa* it is there that the gambler catches on with the fliriting and frisky school-girl out for a holiday. There are dancing halls where lost souls cavort in a devil's revel, gambling hells where "tony" women tempt fortunes at faro while slipping daintily of the maddening cup by day and night. And then when the revels taper off in the darkest hours before the dawn, and the revelers stagger away across the treacherous and unstable sands, they crawl forth the robber and the thug in their proper form, relying only on the mask of black night to cover their villainous looks and their evil deeds. Then there are the discoveries of the morning—the horrors, too—when the sun peeps over the rosy clouds upon the corpse washed up from the sea, or the robbed and mutilated drunkard insensible where he was left by his assailants, who have fed with the mists of night. It is a sad reverse to the medal of our seaside pleasures, but it is true. Ponder and digest its lesson—it may do you good in proving that what smiles by day oft frowns by night.

HOW NEW YORKERS ARE WATCHED.

The Spying System that Has Been Found Necessary in Lieu of Confidence.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There was a good old time in New York, the old-timers say, when spying on employees, and on the public generally, was not necessary, and if attempted would have been resented in a riot. Now it's different, though. No one seems to have confidence in the honesty of his neighbor. He prefers to convince himself on what he considers the modern dead-level assurance principle. That is, he engages a detective to post him. So it is, in this advanced age of civilization, that we see employees of public corporations going about with bell-punches hung about their necks, and in our stores we have to wait for our change, mayhap only a few cents, until the clerk and the cash-boy and the cashier have gone through the red-tape formula that is supposed to be a preventive of stealing, while beside us a detective, male or female, watches closely that we do not steal a yard of lace or a pair of gloves. The principle is for every one to take every one else for a thief as a necessary precaution. In the public bath, the clerk who checks your valuables may be a detective looking out for stolen jewelry. A Hawkeshaw is among the guests at the wedding, keeping an eye on the bride's presents; on the street car eyeing you with the suspicion due a professional pickpocket, and even your *vis a-vis* at a "tony" restaurant is perhaps a spy paid by the urbane host who smiles in your face, but who behind your back takes this precaution that you may not pocket the spoons.

Verily it is an awful bad world we live in. And a devilish suspicious, as well as mean one, too.

LORD MANDEVILLE SLUGGED.

[Subject of Illustration.]

For some time past Lord Mandeville, Cyrus W. Field's son-in-law, has been figuring in various wild larks around New York. He has had several severe lessons but none quite so ridiculous as the episode in which he was a principal actor on July 18. On that date he accompanied the police of the Thirty-second precinct, on their picnic up the Hudson, to Inwood. The boys, among their other athletic sports, had boxing. The style did not suit his lordship, who ridiculed the "cops" awkward movements and asked the captain to let him put on the gloves. This was agreed to, and an old-timer of the force, old Charley Walker, a retired policeman, was presented as his antagonist. Milford tried to make a show of the old fellow for the benefit of Howard Vincent, the Chief of the London, England, detectives, who was present. He knocked the old fellow around at first, but Charley woke up, and, sailing in, laid out his lordship to the queen's taste, bruising his aristocratic mug, blacking his aristocratic eyes, and knocking the aristocratic slagger silly, to the great delight of the spectators. Milford cried enough.

WASHING OUT A MUSEUM.

[Subject of Illustration.]

On the night of July 19 there was a high tide at Coney Island, and one immense tidal wave swept over the outlying booths, museums and restaurants of the Bowery settlement in the vicinity of West Brighton. Great was the havoc among the curiosities—great the jumble of fat women, snakes, Cretaceous girls and stuffed "monks." The touters at the doors of the booths managed to save their booty, however, including all the lead coins they kept on hand in large quantities to make change for the countrymen. The only serious damage done was the washing of the red from the faces of the Indians, demonstrating that they were Indians of a tribe that "wouldn't wash," and, moreover, curiosities who, in scenes of danger, forgot their own language, and acquired English with a pronounced brogue.

ANOTHER COLORED CHAMPION.

[With Portrait.]

The District of Columbia's favorite colored boxer is Arthur Frazier, whose portrait we publish. He has figured with distinction in several contests in Virginia. Col. Snellbaker, of Washington, declares he is the pluckiest colored pugilist of the lot, and offers to put up a purse of \$200 at short notice for Frazier to box either Billy Wilson, George Godfrey, Morris Hadley, C. A. C. Smith, Harry Woodson, McHenry Johnson or any of the colored pugilists who think themselves top of the heap.

HERE'S THE DAISY GIRL.

A Schoolmarm Who Has Scooped In All the Boys.

A Young Beauty Who Has Made a Fortune Out of Gamblers by Her Desperate Game of Poker.

Some ten or a dozen years ago, Anna Chamberlain, then a blooming maiden of eighteen or thereabouts, left her home in Michigan without going through the formality of notifying her parents, and shortly afterward arrived in Jamestown, N. Y., having come East, she said, to obtain an education. After attending school for two years, during which she was diligent in her studies, she was appointed a teacher in one of the branch schools and afterward transferred to the German school. The training she received at the Jamestown Collegiate Institute served her well, for she proved a very successful teacher, but her conduct finally caused her dismissal by the school authorities.

In the Michigan village in which she was raised card-parties were frequent, and the great American game of poker was by no means eschewed, becoming in fact the favorite diversion. It was at these sociables that she learned the first principles of gaming, and with her handling of the pasteboards became almost a mania. Poker she reduced to a science, and almost invariably came out ahead.

She soon started on the road as a canvasser for a book concern. Her western trip was a failure, and losing her pocket-book on the train near Denver, she retired from the business in disgust and started East again. On the route she made the acquaintance of the junior member of a large spice firm in Cleveland, to whom she detailed her experiences. He was struck with her intelligence, aptitude, wit and resources, and suggested to her that she might travel for his firm (if his partner consented) and that although it was a new wrinkle in that line, she could undoubtedly make it pay, and soon she blossomed out as a commercial traveler or "drummer," and the innovation was such a startling one that she received columns of press comment from all over the country, provoking even a "sixth column" editorial from the alleged funny man of the New York Times.

At the end of a year the novelty of the thing wore off, and she retired from the road, only to strike out into a newer and more profitable field. Going to Chicago, she took up her residence on West Madison street, and inside of a week a gilt-lettered sign, "Madame Anna, Clairvoyant," was swung to the breezes of the lakeside city. She soon began to reap a rich harvest of wealth. She was often consulted on various matters by rich, respected and apparently very intelligent people. Business continued to flourish until one day the Chicago Times contained a lengthy expose of her methods.

She now for the first time decided to turn her knowledge of poker to account. Milwaukee offered a fruitful field for experiment. Having some acquaintances there whom she knew in her childhood, she had no trouble in obtaining a footing in society, and, being vouched for as respectable, secured an elegant room on the parlor floor of the ill-fated Newhall House. Here she entertained her friends handsomely. Poker was played night after night, and the "ante" sometimes ran as high as \$25. She played with wonderful nerve, and the second night came out \$1,600 ahead, winning \$1,200 from one person.

Having squeezed the juice out of the Milwaukee lemon, she tossed it aside and departed for St. Louis, securing first-class apartments at a leading hotel and carrying herself with an air that made the proprietors think that they had in their guest a young lady of unlimited resources. It was here that she commenced what is known as the "personal" racket, advertising in the daily papers that she was a lonely young woman, and sighing for the sweets of a young man's companionship. With that peculiar idea of gallantry for which the gilded youth of the "future great" is noted she was soon besieged by tender notes asking for appointments, all of which of course she readily granted, taking care to make the time of each as far apart as possible, so that none would clash.

At the designated hour the "blood" rapped at the door of her apartments, and on being admitted, would be greeted with a loveliness that would almost tempt a monk to forget his vows. Making profuse apologies for being "surprised" in her negligee costume she would beg the visitor to be seated, and after greeting him with a pleasant smile, her eyes would sparkle, and once under their influence the victim was beyond redemption.

"Well, what shall we do to pass a pleasant evening? I am so lonely, you know. Do you play cards?" she asks, as she reaches a beautiful arm, half concealed by a dainty sleeve, for a convenient pack. "Shall we play casino, or perhaps you know how to play draw poker?"

The victim usually consented to take a hand in the seductive game of draw, and soon found himself like the proverbial fly in the spider's web. It is but a short while, to change the metaphor, before the lamb is fleeced. After being shorn of his financial covering, he is politely dismissed on the ground of an engagement elsewhere, and walking to the door with him she makes ready for another victim, who is due a little later. She possessed the nerve of a born gambler. In addition to this she treated all of her callers in a polite and lady-like manner, and was quick to resent the slightest familiarity.

Arriving at Kansas City direct from St. Louis, she registered at a leading Walnut street hotel as "Gertrude Garrison," and stating that she was a niece of the famous commodore, asked for the best apartments in the house, a request which was readily granted. Appointments were made and callers became quite numerous at the fair spider's parlor, so plentiful, indeed, that she received a hint that her room was more desirable than her company, but she explained that her visitors were simply old acquaintances of the family, with whom she occasionally passed the time away at a social game of cards, leaving the door always unlocked. This allayed suspicion for awhile. A prominent Texas cattle-man, who was always boasting of his skill at poker, got a pointer on her and secured an introduction for the sole purpose of "scooping her out," as he termed it. After dropping \$1,000 at a single sitting he changed his opinion, but showed his chivalry by complaining to the proprietor, and the result of the "squel" was that she had to go.

She returned East, going as far as Long Branch, which was then at the height of the summer season.

Here she gained an almost national reputation, and came in contact with some of the most successful poker-players in the country, but held her own with remarkable skill and managed to clear enough to cover her expenses, which were by no means small. Going to Baltimore she had better success; after a few days' stay in the Monumental City she departed for New York and successfully "downed" a Wall street broker's confidential clerk for several thousand dollars at a play that lasted seven hours. Fatigue she seldom felt, and was capable of playing all night or even eighteen hours on a stretch. It seems her last victim gambled with his employer's money, and being unable to make his defalcation good, took a pistol and shot himself through the heart.

About three years ago she gave up her pursuit of mammon and retired to a town in interior New York, where she resided with an aunt, making occasional trips to Detroit, Chicago, and a pleasure tour to the Rocky mountains two years ago. All that she had left of her immense winnings, about \$18,000, was deposited with Grant & Ward, and finding that it had disappeared, perhaps forever, in the inner recesses of that gigantic financial rat-hole, she grew desperate and put up a scheme on a New York merchant, by which she obtained \$2,400. Her arrest and subsequent acquittal followed a few weeks ago.

A FAIR AND HONEST OPINION.

How a Well-Balanced Mind Sizes Up Richard K. Fox and His Papers.

Amid all the snarling detractions which have been flung indiscriminately at the POLICE GAZETTE by brainless scribblers, it is pleasant to hear the honest watch-dog's bark, as in the following fearless review which we clip from the *American Journalist*, published at St. Louis:

"A bitter and persistent warfare is being waged by the daily press of the country against the *Police Gazette*, a sensational illustrated sheet published by Richard K. Fox, in New York city. This crusade seems to us a little biased in its character, inasmuch as the paper published by Mr. Fox is, in every sense, cleaner and better in an artistic sense than its hosts of imitators, which in the matter of their illustrations, are far more obscene and lewd in their portrayals, and are therefore in a much greater degree unworthy of a place in any reputable household, although Heaven forbid that their presence should be tolerated in any place to which our wives and children have access. Still, where it is sought to quash objectionable literature of any class, is it not somewhat singular that the very best and cleanest paper, in a representative point of view, should be singled out and made the target for a combined attack from the press of the country? Mr. Fox, we will admit, is a sensation-monger, but this is his business, and he is only doing the best in his power to attract and please the readers and admirers of his publication; but it is also true that he does not overstep the bounds of daily journalism, and to illustrate this fact, let any unprejudiced person take up any of the daily papers published in any of the large cities of the United States and he will find there far worse portrayals of crime in all its native hideousness than in the columns of the *Police Gazette*. The fact that these descriptions are without illustrations—a feature by which Mr. Fox has made his paper famous—does not in any sense excuse the combined attack of the Simon Pures of the daily press—the vivid pictures in which require no illustrations to enhance their attractions for the morbid and filthy-minded. Illustrations, on the other hand, appeal to the eye at once—they tell the tale in all its reality.

"If the recording of crime by either pen or pencil is to be regulated by law, would it not be wise as well as fair on the part of our authorities to begin their crusade at the doors of our daily papers?"

A VERY BAD SELL.

[Subject of Illustration.]

About the merriest episode of the season is one we witnessed at Long Branch one day a week or two ago, during the Monmouth Park meeting. It was a most disastrous contretemps that befell a couple of sporting dudes, whose figures are well known about the Coleman House. While straying on the beach, they descried half a mile distant a recumbent female figure on the sands, shaded and partly concealed by an envious parasol. They plodded through over the blistering sands under a blazing sun, cautiously approached and peered under the shade, only to find, after all their trouble and perspiration, that their siren of the sands was old, shriveled, yellow and wrinkled—a pronounced old maid, in fact, of the most prudish type—whose vinegar aspect in the West End dining-room had paralyzed them before and spoiled their dinners. A party of the boys, including the writer, viewed this climax through opera-glasses, and thus it is given away as we promised.

A BEAUTIFUL BURGLAR.

[With Portrait.]

A famous female burglar, Ella Larrabee, a Brooklyn beauty, who has been arrested several times for house-breaking and thievery, and has got off by mashing the Court, the reporters, the lawyers and even the complainant, was arrested again on July 23. This time it was for breaking into the house of James Dorsey, No. 22 Grove street, Brooklyn. The prisoner was got up in her best style, and used her beauty for all it was worth, but without avail this time.

She was attired in an elegant lace-trimmed white skirt, a black jersey and a white straw hat that rivaled a rainbow in the brilliancy and variety of colors displayed upon it. She wore an exceedingly penitential look; her eyes were constantly filled with emotional moisture, and her chin kept up a constant quiver. It had no effect upon Justice Massey, as he has been once induced to suspend sentence upon her in the hope that her penitence was sincere. The beauty was held to wait the action of the Grand Jury.

NELLIE McHENRY.

[With Portrait.]

Among all the stage mirth-makers in petticoats Nellie McHenry, of the Salsbury Troubadours, stands in the front rank. She has as an artist a near approach to the quality that is designated on the French stage as *chite*, and can point a dramatic joke with refinement and without overstepping the bounds of modesty. The fact that she is as popular with the ladies in her audiences as with the men is her best endorsement. Either as an artiste or a wife, she is admirable, and commands applause and respect.

DEMPSEY WINS THE FIGHT.

Fulljames Makes a Brave and Desperate Struggle Against Heavy Odds.

[Subject of Illustration.]

After four attempts to bring off the great match for \$2,000, between George Fulljames, of this city, and Jack Dempsey, of Brooklyn, they finally had it out early on the morning of July 30, in a sequestered spot near New York. After so much wrangling had occurred about it, Richard K. Fox, the stakeholder, unwilling to have the match end in a fizzle, appointed E. F. Mallahan referee, and instructed him, if it was possible, to bring the men together. On July 25 it was agreed that the pugilists should take five men a side, and go to a place selected by Mallahan, and settle the affair. In some way or another the place of fighting was found out, and instead of the thirteen men being present, there were thirty times that number.

On the 28th of July Fulljames, with his seconds, left for the fighting-ground, and Dempsey, with his backers, went to the battle-ground on July 29. At daylight on the 30th Hjal H. Stoddard and Ned Mallahan erected a ring on a sandy beach near the city, and at 4:30 A. M. all was ready for the mill. The pugilists entered the ring at 5:25 A. M. Fulljames won the toss for choice of corners, Barney Aaron tossing for him, while Arthur Chambers tossed for Dempsey. Fulljames selected the high ground in the southwest corner. Dempsey was seconded by Arthur Chambers, the retired light-weight champion, and Prot. Walter Watson, of England; Fulljames by John Flood and Barney Aaron. The umpires were Jim Shannon and a well-known sporting man.

Fulljames wore white short hose and plate shoes. He had no colors. He was in splendid condition, weighing 123 pounds.

Dempsey was dressed in blue drawers, white stockings, light calf fighting-shoes. He weighed 140 pounds and looked heavy. Hen J. Rice was the time-keeper.

ROUND 1.—The disparity in the size of Dempsey and Fulljames was really astonishing as they faced each other, Dempsey being much taller and heavier than his antagonist, beside whom he appeared a giant. Dempsey at once rushed to a close with Fulljames. Desperate in-fighting ensued, Fulljames punishing Dempsey on the body, while the latter landed his right vigorously on Fulljames' face. In the tussle he back-heeled and threw him heavily. First blood was claimed by Chambers for Dempsey.

ROUND 2.—Fulljames was first to the scratch, looking confident. It was evident that he was determined to cut out the work, in the hope of taking all the steam out of Dempsey in short order, for he rushed at him as soon as he came up. Desperate fighting followed, Fulljames landing vicious blows on Dempsey's body, while the latter planted a couple of sharp ones on Fulljames' right eye. Again the pugilists fought to a close, and Dempsey again threw Fulljames and fell on top of him amid shouts of \$100 to \$80 on Dempsey.

ROUND 3.—In this round Fulljames made a desperate effort to gain a lead in the fighting. He led with his left, but was neatly stopped. Dempsey then rushed in and planted several blows on Fulljames' face and body, and by a well-delivered left-hander on the body, knocked him down amid great cheering.

ROUND 4.—Both pugilists came up promptly. By the advice of Chambers Dempsey now forced the fighting. Fulljames fought like an old general, and appeared to know more about prize ring tactics than his opponent, but he was too heavily handicapped, and although he made every effort to turn the tide of victory in his favor, Dempsey outfought him.

In nearly every round that followed Dempsey threw Fulljames. The latter had pulled off his shoes in the earlier stages of the fight, and this placed him at a still further disadvantage when at close quarters, for he could not keep his feet, and Dempsey had no trouble in throwing him. The fight was continued until the twenty-second round had been fought, when Mart Malone, Fulljames' backer, saw that his man had no chance, barring an accident, and ordered Barney Aaron to throw up the sponge. Fulljames protested.

"Let me fight a few more rounds," said the plucky little pugilist: "I am able to fight an hour yet."

"What is the use?" said Barney Aaron; "Dempsey is too big for you and you are only getting banged about for nothing."

"You cannot whip this fellow," said John Flood.

"No," said Aaron, "give Dempsey the fight."

Ed. Mallahan then declared Dempsey the winner. Shannon claimed several fouls for Dempsey during the fight, but Mallahan said he was there to decide the fight on the merits of the men, and he was going to do so. Fulljames fought a game and up-hill battle, but it was no use, for he was overmatched. After the fifteenth round, it was \$100 to \$80 on Dempsey.

After the fight Dempsey walked over to Fulljames and handed him \$50. Fulljames said:

"That is no more than I would do for you, Jack."

Fulljames' left eye was swollen and blackened, his face swollen and his body bruised. He took his medicine like a Spartan, and displayed great courage from the start to the finish. Dempsey was not marked about the face.

The battle lasted through twenty-two rounds, fought in 40 minutes.

The result of the contest affords conclusive evidence of Dempsey's superiority as a boxer over his adversary, and also proves again that no pugilist can win with youth, weight and height against him.

To say the contest was first-class would not be correct, for the superior advantages Dempsey possessed were so apparent after the first two rounds that the fight assumed a one-sided character, and occasioned much disappointment to the spectators. Fulljames justified the expectations of his friends and backers, however, by his coolness, judgment and even powers of hitting. His gameness was also highly commended. He came up round after round when all hope of winning had vanished, only to receive heavy punishment.

Dempsey fully confirmed the high opinion entertained of him as a boxer, showing himself to be a clever two-handed fighter and a punishing hitter. Cool and collected, he was ever ready to take advantage of any mistake or of opening presented by his antagonist, while his courage was indubitable.

FOX'S ILLUSTRATED WEEK'S DOINGS.

No. 69, out Saturday, Aug. 2, contains: Club Life and Manners in New York. Pleasant Summer Days; how the beaux and belles flirt, dance, sail and drive in the summer resorts when the sun is high and hearts are warm. From Wigwag to Senate; or, Love Among the Rockies; an exciting story of love and adventure among the Indians; by Geo. W. Hows. Billy, the

Boxer; or, a Life's Mystery; a romance of real life and crime in New York; by Edwin F. De Nyse. Life at the Watering-Places; showing sport in the billiard-room, the country circus, and the race-course. Referee, Prowler, Billboard, Prompter, Joker. And a score of other crisp, clean and readable material. The handsomest, brightest, liveliest and cheapest paper in the United States.

The only 5-cent Illustrated Sporting and Sensational Paper in America. Sold by all newsdealers, or by mail. GAZETTE and Doings, one year, \$6.00.

"THE MAN-AX" CONVERTED.

A "Police Gazette" Champion Attempts to Bring Richard K. Fox into the Fold.

The readers of the POLICE GAZETTE may remember a couple of years back an athlete who called himself "The Man-Ax," whose forte was to fall in a sitting position on a two-inch plank, shivering it a jump. This person was for a time backed by the POLICE GAZETTE at his specialty, but after winning the championship turns up again in a new line. He has become an Evangelist, and attempts the Herculean task of converting Richard K. Fox. Hear him:

North Dennis Mass cape cod July, 25th 1884

Mr. R. K. Fox. Dear Sir, I the undersigned have Entirely quit the Show business for ever & have destroyed all of my dresses & Suits all burnt up. I am now an traveling Evangelist going about doing good. So that to day I do know what an Evil thing is in Every Sense. See Galatians-5:24. Romans-14:21. Will you please do me the Kindness to hunt up all of the Billing & cuts or pictures that I Sent you & Burn them up or destroy them in some way from the face of the Earth forever. as I wish to get out of Existence Every Vistage of my late act. Every Evil object must be brought forward and Burnt—in order to be successful in the End—I am trying with Gods help to Be a true Soldier for Jesus 2nd Tim-2:3-12. But I must Be found faithful unto Death. Rev. 2:10. I thank You very kindly for the Suit and all other ways that you done me a kindness in the Past. And may god grant that we can at some future time meet again on Earth if not meet me at the first resserrection of the Righteous. Mr. Fox drop the Business You are in now. Become a christian & live as you ought to in order to be fully saved. St John-5:38.

Please Burn all items in the Papers of mine—Do you read your Bible—Have you got one—Give my love to all of my friends—if You write to me address it to East Providence R. I. I warn you to take my advice before it is too late. Good Bye. from a true friend of Jesus.

{The Late} Your forever true and honest.

{Man-Ax} Walter A. Olney

Evidently "The Man-Ax" has got 'em bad. Or possibly he has found some spiritual Man-Ax who has sat down on him. There must be something like that to account for his being all broke up in this fashion.

MOTHER MANDELBAUM'S RACKET.

The Famous New York Character Hauled Up for Trial at Last.

[Subject of Illustration.]

There is a great stir among the young bloods of New York over the arrest of old Mother Mandelbaum, the notorious and wealthy receiver of stolen goods. For years she has been the friend of the knucks of New York, and the proceeds of all the big burglaries are said to have gone through her hands. She has dodged justice all along, however, and accumulated a great fortune under the noses of the detectives of the entire country, who were set upon her track, but could never get any convicting evidence against her. A couple of weeks ago, however, one of Pinkerton's officers played himself off as a thief on the wily old woman, and succeeded in inducing her to give away some of her methods. Now she is in the hands of justice, and the officers have been unearthing wonders in her little house in Stanton street, among which are trunks full of diamonds, a store full of stolen silks, and wardrobes of raiment fit for princesses. It was the custom of the old woman to drive hard bargains with the thieves, putting all the risk on them, and paying them only the smallest price for their spoil. She would delay the negotiations until the rogues became nervous lest the police might get on the track of the plunder, and then when they were thoroughly scared she could make her own terms. She would not allow the goods to be delivered direct at her store. The families of several sentenced thieves, her friends, were supported by her in dwellings in the suburbs and in country places roundabout. It was in the barns and other outbuildings of these dwellings that she required the thieves who negotiated with her to deliver their stolen property. It was not until it had been transported to such points at their own risk that she would complete the bargain and pay the money. She came into court covered with diamonds and dressed in rich attire. They do say that "Mother Baum" boasts of influential friends as well as wealth, and these combined will surely get her out of the tight place in which the wily Pinkerton detective has got her. Whether this be true or not, she maintains a bold front and doesn't scare for a cent.

A SIX-INCH BABY.

The Contra Costa (Cal.) Gazette gives the following particulars relative to the pound-and-a-half baby recently born to a two-year-old girl in Moraga Valley:

"The family consists of the father, Joseph, a farmer by occupation, the mother and eight children, four boys and four girls. Among the latter is Laurina, a child of twelve years. On the 12th of May the family all went to Napa, except Laurina, to be present at the wedding of the eldest daughter. The next day, Tuesday, May 27, Laurina was taken suddenly ill, and some of the neighbors were called, there being no doctor within many miles. To the surprise of all, the twelve-year-old child gave birth to a perfectly-formed miniature baby-boy. The little fellow measures 8½ inches and weighed only 1½ pounds, but it was as lively a specimen of the human family as one could wish to be. On the return of the family their astonishment and grief on account of their daughter's disgrace can hardly be expressed. The child-mother refused, and still refuses, to tell who is the father of the boy, and all the investigations by her father have so far proved fruitless. The little mother is as proud of the baby as a girl with a new doll would be. The infant is usually cradled in a ten-inch starch-box, cut down, that affords plenty of room for one so small."



MOTHER MANDELBAUM TRAPPED.

THE FAMOUS FRIEND OF THE BURGLARS TAKEN BY A DETECTIVE'S STRATAGEM, SURROUNDED BY HER RICH SPOIL.

I.—"MOTHER BAUM." II.—BARGAINING WITH THIEVES. III.—SELLING STOLEN GOODS. IV.—OPENING HER JEWEL SAFE. V.—ARRAIGNED IN SILKS AND JEWELS. VI.—THE CASTLE OF "MOTHER BAUM."



WATCHING THE NEW YORKERS.

HOW ALL CLASSES IN THE GREAT METROPOLIS ARE SUSPECTED AND KEPT UNDER THE EYE OF THE DETECTIVES.

GOSSIP OF THE RING.

A Lively Week Among the Fighters of the Metropolis.

Matches Talked About, Matches that are Off, and Interesting Battles that Are Yet to Come Off.

Pendragon publishes the following about Jack Burke, which will no doubt amuse many of the readers of the POLICE GAZETTE. He says:

"I learn that Burke, the young man who calls so loudly for vengeance upon Mitchell, who met him in the ring here with naked fists, and who served six weeks in durance with him in consequence, has arrived out, and been received as so well becomes a person of his consequence. Burke, on the show made by Mitchell, ought to have a good time in America, but I question very much if he will be able to rub out the mark made by his far more specious and man-of-the-world-like rival. Burke began his boxing career as an amateur—diligent students of this page may well remember his doings in the German Gym, and other similar competitions—while Mitchell was ever of the pro's professional. Yet anybody looking at the two men, and being told that one of them was, or had been, a distinguished amateur, while the other had sprung from the lowest rung of professionalism's ladder, would never think of selecting Burke as the man who had become 'converted.' Mitchell has a good and almost a handsome appearance, and a dashing, raffish, damn it, keep-the-change manner such as would within five minutes captivate the heart of the proudest barmaid in Prosser's Avenue, and make dwellers in the under-world believe that in him they had found at last the perfect gentleman. No wonder the Americans believed the matter-of-fact 'kid' he slung them about his student days; he is a romanticist of a pronounced as well as of an agreeable disposition. Burke is a fairly well-looking and fairly well-conducted lad, but he is quiet, mayhap I ought to say stolid, just where Mitchell is, if not brilliant, certainly volatile, not to say mercurial.

"When Burke and Mitchell met in the ring they fought a draw, and both have since discovered good reasons why they did not win the battle outright. Taking the pair as equal then, I should say Mitchell has made by far the most improvement. He has filled out considerably, and was when I saw him last double the man he had been a couple of years previously. Time alone can tell what sort of a figure Burke will cut in the United States; men who go out to a place simply because others have gone before them and have done well, oftentimes find the ground has been cut from under their feet, and that they had better have stayed where they were originally. Whatever happens, I feel sure Burke will render a good account of himself, and sincerely hope that he will do well, as he is one of the few professionals of these later days who have ever done anything to make professionalism respectable."

The following sharp card should make Jack Keefe arrange another match with his quondam opponent, Patsy Mellen.

MINNEAPOLIS, MINN., July 25, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—Having read the spurious account Jack Keefe gives of our fight on June 15, I wish to state that such is an infamous lie. The account you before published is a correct version of the fight, and taking it for a fresh supply of that gentleman's inexhaustible gall, which has already become obnoxious in Minneapolis, I refer you to Prof. C. O. Duplessis, Minn. A. C., Prof. John Donaldson, and J. P. McNamara, Keefe's recent trainer, all of whom were present at the fight, and will verify the truth of my statement. I also wish to state that at his exhibition here I defeated him in a four-round soft-glove contest, knocking him off the stage twice, and forcing him to drop his hands in the fourth round. Now, if he ain't satisfied, I will oblige him with or without gloves, for fun or money.

PATSY MELLEN, Minn.

Here is another red-hot shot for Jack Keefe.

MINN. July 25, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—Hearing that Jack Keefe, of Philadelphia, has made considerable talk since he was defeated by Patsy Mellen, on which occasion I acted in the capacity of second for Mellen, I hereby challenge him to fight me to a finish with hard gloves, for from \$100 to \$250 a side. Money with Jos. Mireh, Nicolet House, Minn., the fight to be within 50 miles of Minn. Marquis of Queensberry rules to govern. My weight is 135 lbs.

JERRY MURPHY, Minneapolis.

A slashing glove fight was decided at Turner Hall, Trenton, N. J., on July 24, between Pat Scullion, Trenton's heavy-weight pugilist, and Bob Caffey, a promising sparrer of the Seventh ward and formerly of Yardleyville, N. J. The pugilists had agreed to box six rounds, according to "Police Gazette" rules. Joe Gaffney, the noted sporting man and boniface of the best sporting house in Trenton, was selected referee. About three hundred choice spirits of sporting proclivities assembled to witness the mill.

The ring was formed by a line of chairs, and up against these the crowd pressed. Both men were stripped to the waist and wore white tights. Their hair was cut so close that they looked bald. Both are heavy weights and big-boned, but Caffey seemed the more agile of the two. "Spot" Cobine was his second. Second and principal appeared to take the fight coolly. Scullion, on the contrary, underwent a great deal of fanning and rubbing down at the hands of his brother Tommie. At 11:15 time was called, and the men, with their soft gloves upraised, sprang up from opposite sides of the ring. Scullion rushed at Caffey savagely, and seemed anxious to close the fight in one round. Caffey, who was rather unprepared, underwent a whacking and banging that turned his face, neck and shoulders to the color of over-ripe tomatoes. Betting in Scullion's favor was now lively. The one point in Caffey's favor was that he bore the punishment well, and, as the round progressed, he recovered himself and dealt Paddy some stinging blows in return. The men clinched frequently, and would not break away till ordered several times. There was no science whatever about the blows. It was simply a slugging contest. Scullion had the best of the round.

When time was called for the second round, Caffey, who kept remarkably cool at all times, looked fresher than his opponent. He went into the middle of the ring at a bound and stood waiting for Scullion. The slugging was resumed. Blows were dealt right and left indiscriminately on head and body, and clinches were frequent. Scullion made terrible swings with his

arms, and many of his blows reached around on the back of Caffey's head. The fighting, owing to its fierceness, became very exciting, and cheers and groans alternated in the crowd. Toward the close of this round, however, Scullion appeared to have exhausted himself and was fighting for wind. Caffey followed him all over the ring, and Scullion was still retreating when the round closed.

The third round witnessed a renewal of the slugging. Scullion's face and shoulders, like his opponent's, were redder than autumn sunsets. It was hard to say which was receiving the greater amount of punishment. Caffey, however, about the middle of the round began to force the fighting, and as Scullion backed away toward the east end of the ring, the Seventh warder brought around his right arm like a sledge-hammer, and dealt him a terrific rap along the left jaw. Scullion went over as if lightning had struck him and the back of his head banged the floor. His second helped him up and took him to his corner. After waiting 20 seconds, the referee, in accordance with the rules, declared in Caffey's favor.

Neither man was badly hurt by the soft gloves. Scullion says that he is prepared to meet Caffey in the ring where he has no doubt he can whip him. Caffey will accept a challenge of Mike Morrissey's to box the winner, which Mike Morrissey made after the fight.

NEW YORK, July 23, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:
SIR—I will swim any amateur in this country from 1 to 3 miles with current, in rough or still water, for a gold medal to be valued at \$50 and championship. Match to come off within three weeks after signing of articles. Would like to hear from Edward S. Even, long-distance swimmer.

FERDINAND FLAGGE.

From present indications the boxing tournament now being arranged by Billy Madden will be a grand success. The public always patronize first-class boxing exhibitions, whether amateur or professional. Madden promoted the most successful boxing tournament ever held in England, which brought Charley Mitchell to the fore, and the coming event should be just as successful.

Richard K. Fox has received several letters denying the statements recently published detrimental to Jack Burke's character. One letter from the Williamson Club, of Liverpool, signed by President Curran, denies the statement in toto.

Nearly three weeks have elapsed since the backer of Tom Henry posted \$100 with Richard K. Fox and issued a challenge offering to back Tom Henry, of Bury, England, who defeated Jem Murray, to fight any 135-pound pugilist in America for \$1,000 a side, according to the new rules of the London prize ring, and yet no one has responded to the challenge. One would suppose that Pete McCoy, or some other pugilist of 135 or 140 pounds, would pick up the gauntlet.

George Powell (and not George Ravell), of Sydney, and Jack King, of Melbourne, Australia, fought with soft gloves, three-minute rounds, for \$500. After fighting seven rounds, lasting 27 minutes, King's seconds threw up the sponge.

Duncan C. McDonald, the heavy-weight champion of Montana, was in this city a few days ago. McDonald is a tall, powerful-looking athlete, who weighs 174 pounds. He is the same pugilist that Pete McCoy, of Boston, defeated in a match with driving-gloves for \$1,000 at Butte City. In reference to that battle, McDonald informed Richard K. Fox that he broke the small knuckle of his right hand early in the fight, and that from that time to the finish he was unable to inflict any punishment on McCoy, and that he only prolonged the contest in an effort to tire or exhaust McCoy. McDonald displayed a "dove-up" knuckle on his right hand, and one of the small bones was broken during the engagement. He said that few persons in Butte City had any idea that McCoy would ever come there to fight for the stakes, and that he trained only two weeks prior to the contest, when his backers found out that McCoy intended to fight. McDonald said he intends this fall to challenge McCoy to fight for \$2,500, and that if McCoy agreed to meet him, the result would be reversed.

The glove contest for a \$20 gold medal between Jack McClarney, of Chicago, and Patsy Cardiff, of Peoria, Ill., was decided at the Buckingham, at Chicago, on July 24. The Black Diamond and Abe Williams, the colored pugilists, had a lively set-to prior to the principal event of the evening, and the latter was pretty roughly handled. Patsy Fallon, who makes an excellent official in the capacity of referee, announced the conditions governing the competition for the medal for which Cardiff and McClarney were to spar four rounds. In the third round Cardiff was knocked down, but escaped any great amount of punishment, while his opponent was the recipient of several good body blows, and the claret flowed freely from his lips. He allowed Cardiff to do most of the fighting, contenting himself with acting on the defensive. After fighting four rounds the referee declared he could not decide the contest, and, with the view of enabling him to do so, the contestants agreed to spar another round, at the conclusion of which the referee said he could not do otherwise than decide the contest a draw.

There was a slashing mill at Flushing, L. I., near Harry Hill's, on July 23, between Jack Howard, of Brooklyn, and Tom Donnelly, of Rockaway. The pugilists had agreed to fight for a purse according to the "Police Gazette" prize ring rules. The pugilists fought in a ring that had been erected for Jack Dempsey and George Fullames to fight in. No time was lost in arranging the preliminaries, and shortly after daylight the pugilists stripped and entered the ring. A referee was quickly chosen, and all was ready for the mill. Frank Cryslar and English Brown, trainer for Bill England, esquired Howard, while Al. Powers and W. Madden looked after Donnelly's welfare. Joe Howard time-keeper, and Abe Coakley held the stakes.

Among the sporting men who surrounded the ring were Abe Coakley, Mike Costello, Capt. Joe Parker, Edward Matthews, Ned Hanley, Canada Mack, Geo. Casson, John Shandley, Lyman Franz, Warren Lewis, George Willis, William Brown and Frank Cryslar.

In the first round Donnelly led off on Howard's face, and the latter made play at the ribs of his antagonist. The half-arm work was excellent, but Donnelly seemed to have the best of it.

Round two saw some hot work done. Howard visited the ear. They battered away at each other's stomachs until the three minutes had expired.

The third round was an even thing, but some heavy punning was indulged in.

There was some very heavy exchanges during the fourth round, and both went to their corners much flushed.

Very heavy stomach and face blows were indulged in during the fifth round, Donnelly repeatedly swinging his right hand to knock his man out.

In the sixth round Donnelly got well home on How-

ard's nose and mouth, making the blood fly in all directions; and in the next bout he hit Howard so hard on the ear that he went to grass as though shot. This gave Donnelly both events.

In the eighth, ninth, and tenth rounds some terrific fighting was indulged in, blood flowing in torrents from Howard's mouth and ear. The last-named round saw Donnelly place a flush hit on Howard's sore mouth, sending him down in a heap, and from this to the fifteenth round it was an up-hill fight for Howard, but he gradually wore his antagonist down, and, aided by a sprained hand, he finally gained the victory, which looked a hundred to one against him during the first half of the conflict.

Here is a chance for the pugilists. Ned Mallahan called at the POLICE GAZETTE office recently, with Hial H. Stoddard, the "Syracuse Wonder," eager to arrange a match with any of the pugilists who mean business. Stoddard authorized Richard K. Fox to state that he was ready to box Jack Burke, the Irish lad, Joe Pendergast, Dominick McCaffrey, Mike Cleary, or Captain James C. Daly, four or six rounds "Police Gazette" rules, the winner to take sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent, and wager \$250 a side on the result. Stoddard means business and says first come first served. Who will now come to the front and pick up the gauntlet? Stoddard stands 5 feet 11½ inches, is twenty-nine years of age, and weighs 195 pounds in condition.

Mike Haley, the pugilist, sends the following challenge:

DES MOINES, IOWA, July 30, 1884.

To the Sporting Editor of the POLICE GAZETTE:

I will fight any 145-pound man in the State of Iowa, a fair stand-up fight without gloves, for \$1,000 or more, in four weeks from Monday, July 21, 1884; or I will bet Tom Brennan, of Des Moines, \$500 to \$300 that he can't knock me out in one round, as he says he can, or in twenty-one rounds. Why don't he come out like a man and tell me he wants to fight me? I will fight him at catch-weights, give him 10 pounds, I to weigh 145 pounds and he 135 pounds, for \$500 a side, the fight to come off in four weeks after he puts up a forfeit, without gloves, and the best man to win.

MIKE HALEY,

Champion middle weight of Iowa.

Pat Ryan, a pugilist of Salt Lake, has issued a challenge offering to fight any man in Utah, Idaho, or Montana, with hard or soft gloves, for \$500 a side and the heavy-weight championship of Utah. This should be a chance for Duncan C. McDonald and Walte, the Butte pugilists.

Prof. Walter Watson wants to spar any middle weight in America four or six rounds, or to a finish, for \$1,000.

It is reported that Councilman Tom Denny, of Boston, is to take a benefit at the Union Baseball Grounds in August. John L. Sullivan is announced to spar with Denny.

Herbert Slade, the Maori pugilist, has opened a playhouse in Sacramento, Cal. He calls it the Delmonico Theatre.

Alice Jennings, of New York, the female light-weight boxer, has a standing challenge to any female boxer in the world for \$2,500, at either 110 or 125 pounds.

Donald Dinnie, the famous Scotch athlete, was referee in the King and Powell glove fight at Melbourne, Australia.

Tom Henry and Paddy Lee are to arrange a six-round glove contest, the winner to receive sixty-five and the loser thirty-five per cent.

A special to the Times-Star, Cincinnati, July 22, says: "When John L. Sullivan knocked out John Flood, in a battle for the heavy-weight championship, sporting men were surprised. Sullivan at that time weighed 196 pounds and Flood 197. But the sporting world received a greater surprise last night when Flood opened his new sporting resort and wound up the evening's entertainment in a bout with the gloves with Dominick McCaffrey. McCaffrey had just returned from Boston and was in fine condition, weighing but 162 pounds. Flood was not in fighting trim and weighed 223 pounds. Several bouts were contested before McCaffrey and Flood appeared for the wind-up. When they did they were vigorously applauded. Both men were stripped to the waist.

"Flood felt sorry for McCaffrey, and McCaffrey felt sorry for Jimmy Patterson, who was tired. When time was called Flood led, but was short. McCaffrey countered on John's jaw, and John grew weary. Then they indulged in some short-arm fighting, at which McCaffrey was manifestly superior to the heavy weight. In the second round McCaffrey again showed to advantage. He hit Flood when and where he pleased, and made a "chopping-block" of him. In the third round McCaffrey did not allow Flood to hit him, and the latter was very groggy—so much so, indeed, that had Dominick wished he could have stopped the set-to there and then. After the battle he remarked that Sullivan had earned a cheap reputation by whipping Flood."

This is exaggerated. The fact of the matter is, they merely gave an exhibition of sparring, and McCaffrey did not make any detrimental remarks about Flood.

Capt. James C. Daly's deposit of \$100 to box any pugilist in America with gloves, according to London prize ring rules, still remains at this office uncovered.

It is reported that Mike McDonald, of Chicago, has matched Johnny Flies to box Tommy Chandler, of Chicago, either six rounds or to a finish. On July 23 McDonald telegraphed to Flies that he will give him \$2,000 if he wins. Chandler and Flies fought about two years ago, and Flies knocked him out. Flies will leave this week for Chicago to train for the affair, and young Tom Allen will train him.

The Cleveland Leader says: "After four months' disability Mervine Thompson finds himself in condition again. He said a few nights ago: 'I want to meet either Cleary, Kilrain, McCaffrey, or Mitchell, and am confident that I can defeat any one of them. I will cover any amount that any of them can raise and I will meet them at their own convenience.'"

The prize fight between Lange, the champion of Ohio, and Dick Poole, the wrestler, which was to have come off on a barge on the lake shore, at Cleveland, Ohio, on June 22, was prevented by the authorities.

Mike Cleary is a peculiar pugilist. If he has the best of an encounter he stands up to his work like a gladiator, and his every movement is a study for a sculptor. Let him have a little the worst of it, as he had with Kilrain, and he falls away like a mass of foam and grows too cautious.

Pete McCoy is matched with a countryman named Gregg and also with Dominick McCaffrey. The latter event is to take place in Boston, August 25, and is to be a four-round Marquis of Queensberry contest, the winner to take sixty-five per cent. of the gate money and the loser the remainder.

Jack Burke is a very cunning pugilist. He fights a

great deal a la Jem Mace, and will prove a hard nut for any pugilist to crack if any one ever meets him with bare knuckles.

Charley Mitchell is still suffering from malaria, and he has started on a month's trip to the White, Adirondack and Catskill mountains in hope to get rid of it. It is probable that Sullivan and Mitchell will meet in September.

Sullivan is willing to box Paddy Ryan, and agrees to knock him out in four rounds, but he stipulates that when the match is made Paddy must put up \$1,000 forfeit that he will be on hand when time is called.

A glove contest came off in Los Angeles, Cal., July 20, between Geo. A. Edwards, a professional, and E. W. Day, an amateur sparrer and printer, at catch-weights, for \$200 a side. Edwards was to knock Day out in four rounds, but lost the fight in the third round by a foul. It was plainly seen that Edwards could not knock Day out, although he was the more clever and scientific sparrer of the two, and travels on his muscle. P. J. Arthur, a light weight, was referee. Day put in some hard blows that somewhat astonished the professional, and took advantage of all the points the "Police Gazette" rules permitted.

Here is a chance for Sullivan or any of the many pugilists who desire to arrange a match to fight for \$5,000. Read this sweeping challenge:

NECHE, DAKOTA TERRITORY, July 21.

Richard K. Fox, Esq., Proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, New York:

SIR:—Again I desire to announce that I will match the champion of Manitoba, Dorset Callahan, against John L. Sullivan, either Marquis of Queensberry or the London prize ring rules, with gloves or without, the latter preferred, for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side and the new diamond champion belt which Richard K. Fox, the proprietor of the POLICE GAZETTE, offers, and, if it is desired, will agree that only ten men shall witness the contest exclusive of seconds and referee. I have left with Col. Tom White, of Neche, Deputy Sheriff of Pembina county, Dak., a forfeit of \$1,000 as an earnest of my desire to make a match, and I will meet a representative of Sullivan's at St. Paul, Minn., or at any other place he may designate, to draw up articles of agreement. I will fight my man in any State where fair play can be expected, but would prefer to have the match decided on the neutral grounds between this county and Manitoba, five miles north of this city, where all police interference can be avoided. If my money is not covered within thirty days, this challenge is open to any and all prize-fighters who are struggling for fame and fortune.

D. M. MOORHEAD.

NECHE, DAKOTA, July 22, 1884.

Richard K. Fox, Esq.:

SIR:—I have received \$1,000 as a forfeit from D. M. Moorhead, of this city, to make a match between Dorset Callahan, champion of Manitoba, and John L. Sullivan, Marquis of Queensberry or London prize ring rules, for from \$2,500 to \$5,000 a side.

Yours truly,

TOM WHITE, Deputy Sheriff,

Pembina County, N. D.

DOINGS OF BAD PEOPLE.

Scraps of News that Show How Wicked the World Really Is.

Late on the night of July 21 Dr. Arthur C. Pierce, of Dighton, received what purported to be a call from a sick party at Rehoboth. He started out, and when a mile on his way two shots were fired from the woods, one going through the top and the other going through the box of his buggy. He whipped up and escaped. At the house of the patient he was informed he had not been sent for, and that no one was sick. The doctor's night practice has become a terror to him.

Because John Ferguson, of Denver, Col., married another woman, after having fooled with a widow, Mrs. A. G. Gould, the latter, on July 21, put three bullet-holes through him and went to jail with the air of a martyr.

On the 21st ult. the body of an unknown murdered man was found in the woods near Dalles, Oregon. His skull had been crushed in with a piece of rock. A short time before the murder the victim was seen in company with a young man, both traveling on horseback and inquiring the way to Prineville, Ore. They were total strangers, and there are no marks or papers by which the murdered man can be identified. His companion is being hunted down.

Thomas Nickelson, while in a drunken frenzy, at Nebraska City, Neb., on the 15th ult., stabbed his wife fatally.

The murdered girl, Mamie Thorpe, had a great funeral in Baltimore. She was laid out in a white satin dress elegantly embroidered, and there was a profusion of floral tributes, many of them bearing religious apophthegms.

At Conshohocken, Pa., on the night of July 15, the grave of John May, who murdered his daughter and committed suicide, was robbed. The robbers cut the body open and carried it away, throwing the internal parts back into the grave. They shaved John down to the finest portable proportions and got away with as much of him as they thought valuable without being interfered with.

Mrs. Connors quarreled with her sister-in-law, Mary Madden, at Pittsburg, Pa., on the 15th ult., as to who should do the family baking. Mrs. C. settled it by chopping Mary twice on the head with an ax. She settled Mary, too.

An outrage was attempted at Tuscaloosa, Ala., on the 15th ult., on a white girl, aged twelve, by a negro. At last accounts he had been surrounded in a swamp. Which looks bad for that "moke" as we view the situation from the distance.

A BIG VARIETY SHOW.

Among the big enterprises in which that favorite of fortune, Ponv Moore, the negro minstrel manager of London, has lately engaged, is the importation to this country of a company comprising the very cream of the variety and burlesque comedy talent of England. The party will make its debut in New York on Sept. 8. The members of this troupe, we are assured by friends who have traveled, will "lay way over" anything in their line of talent that we have yet seen on this side. An idea of the excellence of the combination may be gained from the statement that the troupe comprises the following star artists:

The Irish Ambassador, Patrick Feeney, George W. Moore, Jr., E. J. Henley, Geo. Leiler, the Five Craggs, Frank Egerton; Miss Grace Pedley, Miss Marie Loftus, Mlle. Ada Blanche, Miss Lotta Pedley, Madeline Rosa and Mlle. Pedley.

Associated with "Pony" in the management of this troupe is Mr. Thomas Holmes, a well-known London manager.

OUR NATIONAL GAME.

The Bostons Make a Sorry Exhibition of the New Yorks.

The postponed game of May 28, between the Bostons and New Yorks, was played off on the Polo Grounds, Friday, July 25, in the presence of about 1,500 spectators, and much to their discomfort they saw the champions wipe up the ground with the representatives of this city. The New Yorks should have won the game with apparent ease, but they played like a lot of stuffed Puddies, and fell an easy prey to the bean-eaters. Gillespie's work in left field was about equal to what might have been expected from a sick cat, and by the close of the third inning he shammed sick and gave place to Richardson. Ewing worked the same racket in the seventh inning. Seeing that there was no earthly chance for the New Yorks winning, Ewing commenced dancing around like a hoppy-toad, and made believe the ball had struck his sore fingers, and he was replaced by Loughran. The Bostons had sort of a picnic with Degley, and hit him so hard that the New Yorks were given some of the liveliest kind of leather-hunting. Burdock, as usual, had his organ with him and kept grinding it all through the game. Morrill, also, was very clever with his mouth, and when Burdock wasn't making music, Morrill was sure to be shooting off his chin. Caskin's fingers seemed to be all thumbs, and he couldn't play short-stop even a little bit. From the way McKinnon handled the willow, it looked as though he was waiting for his release, as he hit all around the ball without touching it. Connor's work at second was far from brilliant, and by the close of the ninth inning the New York "dubs" found themselves knocked out by the following score:

BOSTON.							
Players.	A.	B.	E.	1B.	T.	B.	P. O. A. E.
Hornung, J. F.	4	1	1	1	1	1	0
Sutton, J. D.	5	1	2	2	2	1	0
Burdock, J. D.	5	0	0	0	0	3	1
Buffington, P.	5	0	2	2	0	4	2
Morrill, J. B.	4	4	1	1	7	0	0
Wise, S. S.	5	3	4	7	1	2	1
Hackett, J. C.	4	1	0	0	9	1	0
Manning, C. F.	3	0	0	0	1	0	0
Annis, F. F.	4	0	0	0	3	0	0
Totals.	39	10	10	13	27	9	5

NEW YORK.							
Players.	A.	B.	E.	T. B.	P. O.	A.	E.
Loughran, C.	2	0	0	0	1	0	1
Ewing, C.	3	0	0	0	4	1	1
Ward, C. F.	4	1	2	4	5	0	0
Connor, J. D.	4	0	1	1	2	3	0
Dorgan, F. F.	4	0	1	1	2	0	0
McKinnon, 1st B.	4	0	0	0	12	0	1
Hankinson, 3d B.	4	0	0	0	0	2	0
Gillespie, 1. F.	1	0	0	0	1	0	0
Begley, P.	4	1	2	3	0	0	3
Caskins, S. S.	3	2	1	2	0	6	0
Richardson, 1. F.	2	0	0	0	0	0	0
Totals.	35	4	7	11	27	12	9

Score by Innings.
Innings. 1st. 2d. 3d. 4th. 5th. 6th. 7th. 8th. 9th.
Boston..... 0 2 0 2 5 0 1 0 0-10
New York..... 0 0 1 0 2 0 1 0 0-4
Runs earned—Boston, 3; New York, 3. First base on errors—Boston, 3; New York, 3. First base on balls—Boston, 3; New York, 2. Struck out—Boston, 5; New York, 7. Left on bases—Boston, 5; New York 6. Total base hits—Boston, 13; New York, 11. Three-base hits—Ward and Wise. Two-base hits—Begley, 1; Caskin, 1. Double plays—Connor and McKinnon. Passed balls—Loughran, 1; Hackett, 1. Wild pitches—Begley, 1. Time of game—Two hours and ten minutes. Umpire—Mr. Whitney.

MANNELL did not last many centuries with the Athletics. The Brooklyn has at last taken a drop and shivered Bonners. The Athletics have shaken Mannell, and he is once more on the turf.

It is doubtful if Whitney will ever be worth the powder it will take to blow him up.

The Brooklyn will get a good slugger in Knowles, even if he is a hard man to handle.

MURRAY was so very fly with the Clevelanders that they got the string and let him go.

The wary Bancroft has once more restored peace and happiness in the Providence Club.

It is not every city in the League in which Billy McLean's umpiring gives satisfaction.

On a mistaken Peoria press, to imagine that their baseball-players go on too many spears.

JERRY DONAGH is seriously contemplating the advisability of removing his distillery to Brooklyn.

Old Jumbo Latham has at last pegged out, and his hull is now laid up on the dry dock for repairs.

TOM DEARLEY, of the St. Louis Browns, has sworn off drinking, and in the future he will pour it down.

THIRTY-ONE men have played in the Minneapolis Club this season, and still the management is not happy.

TED SULLIVAN has an idea that he can get good work out of the Kansas City bloats before the close of the season.

The Baltimore Unions are giving Louie Say another trial on account of his recently having gone a whole day without drinking.

KENNEL, of the Keystone, paid ten dollars for the privilege of telling Umpire Dutton that he had made a mistake in his ruling.

BARNY McLAUGHLIN was so fresh that the Active, of Reading, had to put him on the black-list in order to bring him to his senses.

McCus has received his diploma from the Stillwater Club, while Roche has been granted a thirty days' vacation without pay.

THIS will probably be the last year for the Northwestern League, as there is an injunction against the ball-players eating the railroad ties.

CUSHEMAN has been doing some excellent pitching for the Milwaukee this season, and the club has not lost a game in which he has twirled the sphere.

DYKES was knocked out in one round while umpiring a game in Toledo. It was a sharp, long tip, but it was a tip he'll remember for a month or two to come.

The Virginians, in order to cut down expenses, have released Doyle, Hardie, Stratton and Derine and engaged Schenck, the supple man, to fill the four vacancies.

CENKILL has played in twenty-nine games this season without stepping on his mustache. The Cincinnati look upon this as a wonderful feat for Corkhill to perform.

GOLDENRUM has lost the ball, and it is a pitiable sight to see him standing up at the home-plate with a stick in his hand groping around in vain in his efforts to find the sphere.

The Northwestern League clubs are composed of a pretty tough set of men. Carr, of the Terre Haute Club, while trying to eat the ball in a recent game broke several of his teeth.

RANSOURNE now crawls like a serpent and says he never intended to jump his contract and join the St. Louis Unions, but was only joking when he said he was going to do so.

McQUADE thought that because he was captain of the Peoria Club he could kick as much as he wanted to, but it just cost him ten dollars to find out Umpire Tunison was at the helm.

DRISCOLL has such a world-wide reputation as a successful brewer, that the baseball managers have forgotten that he is an alleged pitcher; therefore, he is still in quest of a position.

MILWAUKEE tops the deck on financial economy, as they cut down their salary list \$400 in a single week by firing six of their players \$50 each, and the seventh \$100 for the most trivial provocation.

JIM MUTRIS has his hawk-eye on Morrison, of the Dayton, and if the Ohio people don't look out the crafty Mutrie will find a way of stealing their crack young catcher in spite of the protection of the National Agreement.

MANAGER GIFFORD is something of a convector, and the Western people are just beginning to drop to his cunning little tricks. Recently he tried to get several Union men to jump their contracts, and when he failed he threatened to have them black-listed.

ANSON has given great dissatisfaction to the stockholders as well as the players of the Chicago Club by the overbearing way in which he has acted during the past season, and unless he is a little more careful the managerial shoes will be removed from his corn-fields.

The people have flowers on the brain this season instead of cheap watches, and they are now giving the ball-tossers floral tributes. Trott got a horseshoe recently in Washington, and Hecker caught

on to a floral anchor when he confronted the Cincinnati, July 18, at Louisville.

The Providence team have got on to the New Yorks in such a lively style this season that Manager Price showed his big head by having the team photographed just before a recent game in Providence, so that the players could be recognized in case they were scattered to the four winds.

BARNES has shown fine judgment in securing Lon Dickerson to play right-field for the Baltimore. All he will need now is a rubber hose to connect Dickerson with a whisky-barrel and he will remain on the field throughout the game, as Dickerson is a "stayer" as long as the whisky lasts.

The manager of the Minneapolis Club must be a very pleasant man, and a good one to work for. Recently Parker, one of his players, made several costly errors, and was fined a month's salary and released. He had to borrow a postage-stamp to write for money to reach home on.—Cincinnati Enquirer.

SWENNEY was never a lucky name in baseball circles, and at present there are three Sweneys keeping each other company on the black-list. Two of these birds were disorderly in Baltimore, and are doing time on the black-list in consequence thereof, while the third Swenney has just been kicked out of Providence.

Says Sporting Life: "John Clapp has as yet had very little work to do for New York, and must regard his position as a security." We had given Sporting Life credit for being better posted than this, as John Clapp was released by the New Yorks fully two months ago, and it was publicly as well as officially announced at the time.

BACANNON, who runs a sporting goods house at 114 Nassau street, this city, has declined the offer of the American Association to become one of their official umpires, preferring to be damned by the people who buy the balls he manufactures to the blessings he would receive from the crowds in the American Association cities throughout the country.

The Detroiters are beginning to wish that they hadn't been so fly with their fling business, as the loss they sustained by fling Shaw will about shatter them for the remainder of the season. Shaw is now doing some wonderful pitching for the Boston Unions, and every game the Boston Unions win with Shaw in the box sends a pang through Jack Chapman's heart.

There are probably more fresh ball-tossers in the Ohio League than in any other baseball association in America, and it is estimated that it would require 10,000 sacks of salt to pack them down properly. The trouble seems to be in inability on the part of the players to stand prosperity. They have been brought up on acorns, and the rich food and the dollar a week salary has completely turned their heads.

NOSEY GONZALEZ, the Brooklyn "coach," visited the New York Polo Grounds July 22, when the Brooklyn were playing the Metropolitan, and astonished the patrons of the game and especially the ladies by the adjectives he used while "coaching" the Brooklyn from the upper story of the grand stand. His language was very eloquent, but somehow he did not seem to have just the proper reverence for the ball-players' mothers.

ROWLEY, the Eastern League umpire, would make a valuable manager for some of the high-salaried clubs in a financial point of view, as he could not only get out of paying the players their salaries, but could have them heavily in debt to the club at the close of the season. He has only been an official umpire for a short time, but he has already got in his good work by making an average of about one fine a day for back talk on the diamond field.

ANOTHER instance of the able manner in which Witkoff conducts his business is to be seen in the style in which he treated Daniels, who had been bounced from his official position, and never received any notification whatever until a new man stepped on the field and presented his credentials as Daniels' successor, just as Daniels was about to umpire the game. A dispatch was sent to Witkoff, who telegraphed that such was the case without giving any explanation whatever as to the cause of his removal.

THE Atlantic, of Long Island City, lived about as short a life as any club that ever entered the arena. They took up the Harrisburg championship schedule, probably with the view of beating their way through the season, but after playing two games with the Virginians without plunking down the guarantee, as called for by the rules of the Association, they were unceremoniously kicked out, which is generally the case with those who start out with a view of beating their way through the world.

LITTLE PLUMMER recently was in company with two ladies and, not wishing to take them up to the bar, he went over to get the round of drinks for them. At the bar he met a friend, whom he invited to have a glass of beer. The invitation was accepted, and two glasses of beer made a hasty retreat. The "kid" then ordered a whisky and two glasses of beer for the ladies. To his utter astonishment his friend picked one of the glasses of beer up and said, "Well, here goes," and swallowed its contents, and the boy had nothing else to do but follow suit. Plummer felt a little crest-fallen, but, as the ladies were waiting, he ordered two more glasses of beer. Before he could gather them up, however, his friend seized one of the glasses and, with a "Here is to your good health," he disposed of the beer as though he were pouring it into an empty cask. The "shrimp" drank his, and ordered two more.

"Well, now, this beer is just excellent," said the friend, as he scooped up one of the fresh glasses and made it look sick. Plummer was out of patience by this time, and, putting down a nickel, with a flushed face, he requested the bartender to replenish the empty glass. "No, no; no more beer for me," said his friend. "I will take a cigar this time." Harry paid for the cigar and, grabbing up his whisky and two beers, made a bee-line for his lady friends just as his gentleman friend was reaching for one of the glasses of beer.

KILL off discipline and you invite dishonesty and a return to the days when baseball was a disgrace and a reproach. The Union Association is inviting this by signing every crooked and dishonest player expelled by the other organizations. They even go further, and offer a premium on such "crookedness." They say to the players: "Play for your release. If you cannot get it, play for your expulsion, and we will give you double the amount you are now getting. No matter how you get expelled, it makes no difference to us; we are ready with the money." Gardner, the most notorious player in the country, who has been time and again expelled from the American, was received with open arms by the Union. Swenney, who was expelled by the Providence for insubordination, and Shaw, of the Detroit, who was expelled for the same offense, were eagerly fought for by the Union clubs.

With such players on their teams, can honest ball-playing be looked for in the Union? We think not.—Philadelphia Item. We don't altogether understand the above remarks. "Kill off discipline and you invite dishonesty" is well enough in its place, but in what way the Union Association are encouraging and fostering dishonesty by engaging National Agreement players, is something that the Item should be compelled to explain. The simple fact of a Union Association club telling men to play for their release is a matter of business, and there is nothing more in it than there is in a business man asking a clerk in a rival establishment to be negligent in his duties in order to receive his discharge, so that the merchant in question might secure his services. Ball-players are not slaves; they are men, and they are certainly entitled to recognition as men, and not be handled as hounds, as is the case with the majority of the ball-players subject to the National Agreement. It is opposition that makes all business prosperous, and this opposition in baseball is the only redress a professional ball-player has under the arbitrary rules of the League and American Associations. We fail to understand the idea of the Item, as it makes no deliberate accusation of crooked ball-playing in the above paragraph, but simply speaks of the men having been expelled for insubordination. Nevertheless it says: "With such players on their teams, can honest ball-playing be looked for in the Union?" Insubordination means retaliation by a player when trampled almost to death. In which case the manager resorts to the black-list as a final discipline, and that player must remain in quarantine until the stigma is removed by the club black-listing him, or by the association of which he is a member.

As for Gardner being a notorious character, that is simply a matter in his own private life, and has nothing whatever to do with his ball-playing. He was expelled for disorderly conduct, and not for crooked ball-playing. True, he has been expelled on several occasions, but after each offense he was reinstated, or he could never have been expelled a second time. Now, is it any wonder for a Union Association club to engage Gardner, but it would be for some National Agreement club to have him reinstated for themselves, as has been done heretofore? Another thing that needs an explanation is the remark made by the Item that the "Union Association were signing every crooked and dishonest player expelled by the other organizations." We were not aware that there were any crooked or dishonest players dismissed from any association this season, and the remark strikes us as being extremely libelous, therefore we would be obliged to the Item for the names of the men expelled for crookedness and dishonesty.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

TO NEWSDEALERS!

Where, from any cause, obstacles are thrown in the way of selling the

Police Gazette and Week's Doings,

Newsdealers have simply to supply us with the names of subscribers, and we will in all cases mail the papers direct, allowing the dealer the same profit as though he handled them and sold them over his counter.

Send for circulars and blank subscription orders.
RICHARD K. FOX,
Franklin Square and Dover Street, New York.

M. S., Peoria, Ill.—No.
H. M., Baltimore, Md.—No.
Novice, Lavenworth, Kan.—No.
M. H. B., Brownsville, Texas.—No.
DEER TRAIL, Col.—See answer Al. C. Lee's Summit, Mo.
S. S., Lynn, Mass.—Sullivan stands 5 ft 10½ in in height.
READER, Allegheny, Pa.—Tuesday, Nov. 4, will be Election day.

AL. C., Lee's Summit, Mo.—Maud S., 2:10½; Jay-Eye-See, 2:10½.

H. R. H., Columbus, Mich.—George Seward, England, Sept. 30, 1884, 3:44.

POKER, Buffalo, N. Y.—The player who opens the pot makes the first bet.

M. G., Louisville, Ky.—Joe Wormald arrived in New York Aug. 4, 1883.

A. G., Rochester, N. Y.—Hanlan was born in Toronto, Canada, July 13, 1855.

SUMMERBURN, Ophir, Col.—At Rochester, N. Y., Aug. 11, 1883, Maud S., 2:10½.

W. J., Kansas City.—Hanlan has never been defeated in a match race, and a loss.

B. H., Parkersburg, Va.—It was in 1855 that Wild Dayrell won the English Derby.

M. W., Trenton, N. J.—Tom Sayers died Nov. 8, 1885, of congestion of the lungs.

T. N., Leontia, Pa.—Write E. Ridley & Sons, Grand and Allen streets, New York city.

W. S. C., Savannah, Ga.—Address Hon. Patrick Fitzgerald, Long Island City, N. Y.

B. F., Potomac, N. Y.—John L. Sullivan will be twenty-six years of age in October.

H. G. D., Charles street, N. Y.—No. 2 L. E. Myers' best record for 100 yards is 16.

B. B., Lockport.—Hanlan defeated both Hawdon and Elliott and Boyd, in England, in 1879.

G. G., Palatine, Va.—Billy Madden trained Sullivan when he fought Ryan. 2. Yes. 3. No.

FRED. BUSHWELL, Fort Yates, D. T.—We do not know where you can obtain the book you name.

C. E., Trenton, N. J.—Maud S.'s best time is 2:10½, made on Aug. 11, 1881, at Rochester, N. Y.

CONWAY READER, Olathe, Kan.—The Republicans had 3,653 majority of the popular vote in 1880.

W. M., Boston.—Ten Brock, the race-horse, is not dead. His time for a mile has never been beaten.

L. B., Lowell, Mass.—Wallace Ross won \$3,000 at the Seokong regatta, and \$500 in England. 2. Yes.

A. A., Oregon.—Robert Vint was born in Ireland in 1846. He stands 5 ft 2 in, and weighs 127 pounds.

G. E., Summitville, Col.—1. Hanlan is the champion oarsman. 2. There is no record for rowing 1 hour.

A. B., New York city.—The rules are in "Life of John Morrissey," published by this office; price, 30 cents.

J. B., Lexington, Ky.—Dan Donnelly, the Irish pugilist, died on Feb. 18, in the year you name, not on Feb. 8.

B. Fort Leavenworth, Kansas.—Glas. E. Courtney never defeated Hanlan, but the latter has defeated Courtney.

B. C., Chelsea, Mass.—Jennie Lind made her first debut in America Sept. 11, 1850, at Castle Garden, New York.

SUMMERBURN, Ashland, Pa.—The absent party forfeits the stakes. 2. B. Hoe & Co., Grand street, New York city.

C. D., Denver, Col.—The prize fight between Paddy Ryan and John L. Sullivan lasted 11m. Nine rounds were fought.

L. B., Chicago, Ill.—The umpire was justified in deciding the game a draw on account of darkness, the score being tied.

J. B., Jersey City.—Liberator only won the Liverpool Grand National once. It was in 1879. He was rode by G. Moore.

J. M. P., New Haven, Conn.—The American Association of baseball players was organized at Cincinnati, Ohio, Nov. 2, 1881.

G. M., Cairo, Ill.—Joseph Murphy played "Help" at Wood's Museum and the old Bowery theatre, this city, ten years ago.

M. G., Ogdenburg, N. Y.—If you want an interesting, racy book, send for the Police Gazette's "Life of John Morrissey."

J. P., Buffalo, N. Y.—Billy F. O'Reilly, the pugilist, was fatally stabbed by Charley Huff, at Virginia City, Nev., July 1, 1874.

W. S., Washington, D. C.—Tom Sayers' fighting weight began at 146 lbs. In his latter battles it was 141 lbs to 150 and 152 lbs.

O. B., Bordentown, N. J.—1. The fastest 3-mile sculling time on record is 20m 3s, made by G. H. Hosmer, at Pittsburg, Pa. 2. Yes.

H. W., Seymour, Ind.—Weston, when he walked from Portland, Me., to Chicago, started from the Preble House, in the former city.

J. H., Northampton.—Four of a kind is the highest hand in draw-poker, unless it has been expressly agreed to play a straight-flush.

M. W., Toledo, Ohio.—1. Tom Hyer died June 25, 1864. 2. Mike McCoole was born March 12, 1837, and Aaron Jones March 1, 1833.

L. D., St. Paul, Minn.—1. Ten Brock ran a mile at Louisville, Ky., May 24, 1877, in 1:39½. 2. Ten Brock's time has never been beaten.

J. W., New York.—Any person holding such a position would be disqualified as an amateur according to the latest definition of an amateur.

M. M., Troy, N. Y.—The fact of your having participated in a race for cash/prizes renders you ineligible to compete as an amateur athlete.

B. M., Cleveland, Ohio.—The second battle between Jim Mace and Tom King was fought in the Home Circuit, near London, Eng., Nov. 26, 1882.

T. K., Utica, N. Y.—Jim Flak was shot and killed, Saturday, Jan. 6, 1872. His assailant was sentenced to and served 4 years in Sing Sing Prison.

D. J., Utica, N. Y.—John C. Heenan was beaten by John Morrissey and Tom King, and fought a draw with Tom Sayers. He never won a prize fight.

P. G., Fall River, Mass.—Elias C. Laycock, is a native of Sydney, New South Wales. 2. He is thirty-four years of age, stands 6 ft 2 in in height. 3. Yes.

CONSTANT READER, Grand Haven, Mich.—Maud S., at Rochester, N. Y., and Jay-Eye-See, at Providence, R. I. For time, see answer Al. C. Lee's Summit, Mo.

A. C., Baltimore, Md.—1. William Shedman defeated Joseph Snyder at or near Baltimore, Md., for \$100, July 25, 1870. 2. They fought 16 rounds in 47m.

D. M., Huntington, L. I.—Walter Brown, the American champion, never rowed James Renforth. He was matched against Renforth in England and paid forfeit.

M. G., Baltimore, Md.—Captain Traynor, of Bath, Me., started on June 28 to cross the Atlantic in his 16-foot dory. In 1882 Traynor made the voyage in an 18-foot dory.

T. J. W. F., Baltimore, Md.—A player may make another build, or may pair or combine other cards, or capture his adversary's build before taking his first build.

M. S., Covington, Ky.—The distance Hanlan and Laycock rowed on the Nepean river, Australia, was 3 miles 440 yards, and Hanlan won by 1 length, and the time was 22m 45s.

L. S., Scranton, Pa.—Edward Hanlan defeated Chas. E. Courtney at Lachine, Canada, Oct. 3, 1878. 2. Hanlan again defeated Courtney at Washington, D. C., May 19, 1880.

C. D., Bridgeport, Conn.—Aaron Jones and Mike McCoole fought for \$2,000 at Busbark Station, Ohio. McCoole won.

knocking Jones out of time in the thirtieth round. The fight lasted 25m.

R. S., Manchester.—1. According to the rules of the ring, all bets on the result of a fight that is begun go the same way as the main stakes, which in that case were drawn. 2. Yes.

G. H., Parkersburg, Va.—1. Plot did defeat Schaefer, in Paris; it was only a scratch game, however. 2. After the match Schaefer agreed to give him 100 points in 500, but Plot refused.

W. H., Kansas.—1. Harry Hill was the referee when John L. Sullivan attempted to knock Tag Wilson out of time in 4 rounds. 2. The gloves used were the ordinary boxing-gloves. 3. Yes.

M. M., Staten Island.—1. Send on 35 cents and the "Champions of the Prize Ring" will be forwarded to you. 2. Yes. 3. We have not a record of the tonnage and measurement of the merchant navy.

M. A. M., Seymour, Ind.—1. Charley Jones, of Manchester, Eng., brought out Bob Travers, and not Bill Richardson, of Shore-ditch. 2. Johnny Walker's (the pugilist) right name was Badman.

J. D., Denver, Col.—1. Jay-Eye-See is a black gelding foaled in 1878. Sire Dictator, dam Midnight, by Pilot, Jr. 2. Yankee Sullivan's right name is stated to have been Frank Ambrose Murray.

J. L., Wilkesbarre, Pa.—1. We do not supply back copies of either Police Gazette or Week's Doings. 2. Hans Rink is still in this city. He wrestled with and was defeated by Edwin Bibby. 3. No.

A. K., Rochester, N. Y.—Patsy Reardon defeated Bob Travers (the black), for 250 a side, on July 15 and 16, 1883. Seven rounds were fought in 37m, the first day, and 43 rounds in 48m, the next day.

H. H., Louisville, Ky.—1. Jim Mace was born in 1831, and Tom Sayers in 1833. 2. Joe Coburn was born in Middletown, County Armagh, Ireland, July 30, 1835. 3. He was never beaten in a prize ring.

H. M., Parkersburg, Va.—1. Charley Gallagher, of Cleveland, Ohio, did whip Tom Allen. 2. At Carroll Island, St. Louis, Feb. 23, 1880. Only 2 rounds were fought, in 3m, when Gallagher knocked Allen out of time.

J. G., Kansas City.—Both Mike Donovan and Geo. Rooke challenged Capt. James Dalton to fight for \$1,000 when they were in Chicago, but the gallant captain refused to meet at Mike Donovan's to arrange the match.

O. C., Williamsburgh.—Bingham, not having started, the bet was void, and the money should have been returned. Private bets on foot-races are not pay or pay, unless the parties mutually agree to make them so.

W. B., Kansas City.—All parties who desire to be supplied with sporting rules, books and sporting goods should send on post-office money orders or postage-stamps with their favors. By this rule they will save time and trouble.

S. J., Ashtabula.—1. He is to give him the very next card if on the draw the dealer exposes a player's card. 2. The dealer having had one to go, the jack turned up put him out. 3. He could have given the beggar four.

J. W., Cincinnati.—1. Billy Edwards, the ex-champion pugilist, fought Wm. Fawcett, at Manchester, Eng., on March 11, 1878. 2. The pugilist fought with gloves, and Edwards won after a slashing fight, lasting 1h and 45m.

H. M., Toledo, Ohio.—1. Jim Mace beat Tom King, and the latter defeated Mace. King won the last battle. 2. On Jan. 23, 1



THE POLICE GAZETTE'S GALLERY OF FOOTLIGHT FAVORITES.

NELLIE McHENRY,

THE SPARKINGLY AND VERSATILE ENGLISH COMEDienne.

[Photo by Gilbert & Bacon, Philadelphia.]

Paul Morphy.

We present this week a portrait of Paul Morphy, the famous chess-player, lately deceased. He was born in New Orleans on June 22, 1837. He began playing when a boy, and before he had reached manhood had vanquished all the greatest players of Europe and America. Then he began handicapping himself against the best players by playing several games simultaneously, he being blindfolded. When he first began this his friends advised against it, as they feared the mental strain was too much. When, however, he played seven games at one time with his eyes bandaged, and succeeded in winning six of them, an English paper solemnly warned him of the probable result. Despite this warning, he journeyed immediately to Birmingham and played eight games without seeing the board. He continued playing in this exhausting manner until his mind gave way and he lost not only his control over the chess-board, but also over his own actions. The strain on his brain produced brain fever, from which he never recovered. He gave up chess altogether, and showed the utmost abhorrence of it.



PAUL MORPHY,

THE FAMOUS CHESS-PLAYER AND CHAMPION OF THE WORLD, LATELY DECEASED.

The Girl and the Rattler.

There is a plucky young woman named Mary Howell, aged nineteen, who owns the stage route between Warwick, N. Y., and Bellvale, N. J. She doesn't employ any assistant, but drives the stage herself, cares for the passengers and their luggage, and is competent to get away with any highwayman who may lurk along her route. Her last adventure was a thrilling one. Her horses came to a stop in a lonely spot. Investigating the cause, she saw a rattlesnake coiled in the road disputing the way. Fearful of losing her horses from the venom of the reptile, she reined them in, and getting down from the box, held the frightened brutes with one hand while she lashed the snake to death with her whip. She cut off the rattles and took them along as a trophy. That's the kind of a girl that doesn't get left, whatever may be her field of operations.

Amusements at Rockaway.

There is no show in the metropolis—that is,

of the museum order—that can compare with Allen & Co.'s Dime Museum at Rockaway. It is the best attempt to establish a museum that we have ever had in these parts, not excepting Barnum's best attempts. The wonder is that the enterprise is kept as only a summer show, and has never been transferred to New York. There's a fortune in it.

An old-timer at Rockaway is Fayette Welch, and one of the jolly old-time minstrels is he, too. His ocean pavilion show is a rattler, and no mistake—one of the best features of the famous seaside resort. It is a cheering reflection that the good fellows don't always get left, and that merit sometimes strikes it rich, as in the case of Welch. Give him a call and be amused.

He Scooped Them All In.

A very sanctimonious young man of Brooklyn was William E. Scovill. He stood high in church circles and made religion advance him, in the usual style, away up in business confidence. The result was that several confiding business men and brokers who still believe in religion, and who think its professors can do no wrong, got badly left the other day, and are now hunting their holy young friend with blood in their optic organs. Up to Saturday, July 28, Scovill was managing clerk for the law firm of Lord, Day & Lord, of New York, and the confidential assistant of Henry Day, of that firm. The clerk grew rapidly rich, although his salary was small, but the fools of Wall street were willing



WILLIAM E. SCOVILL,

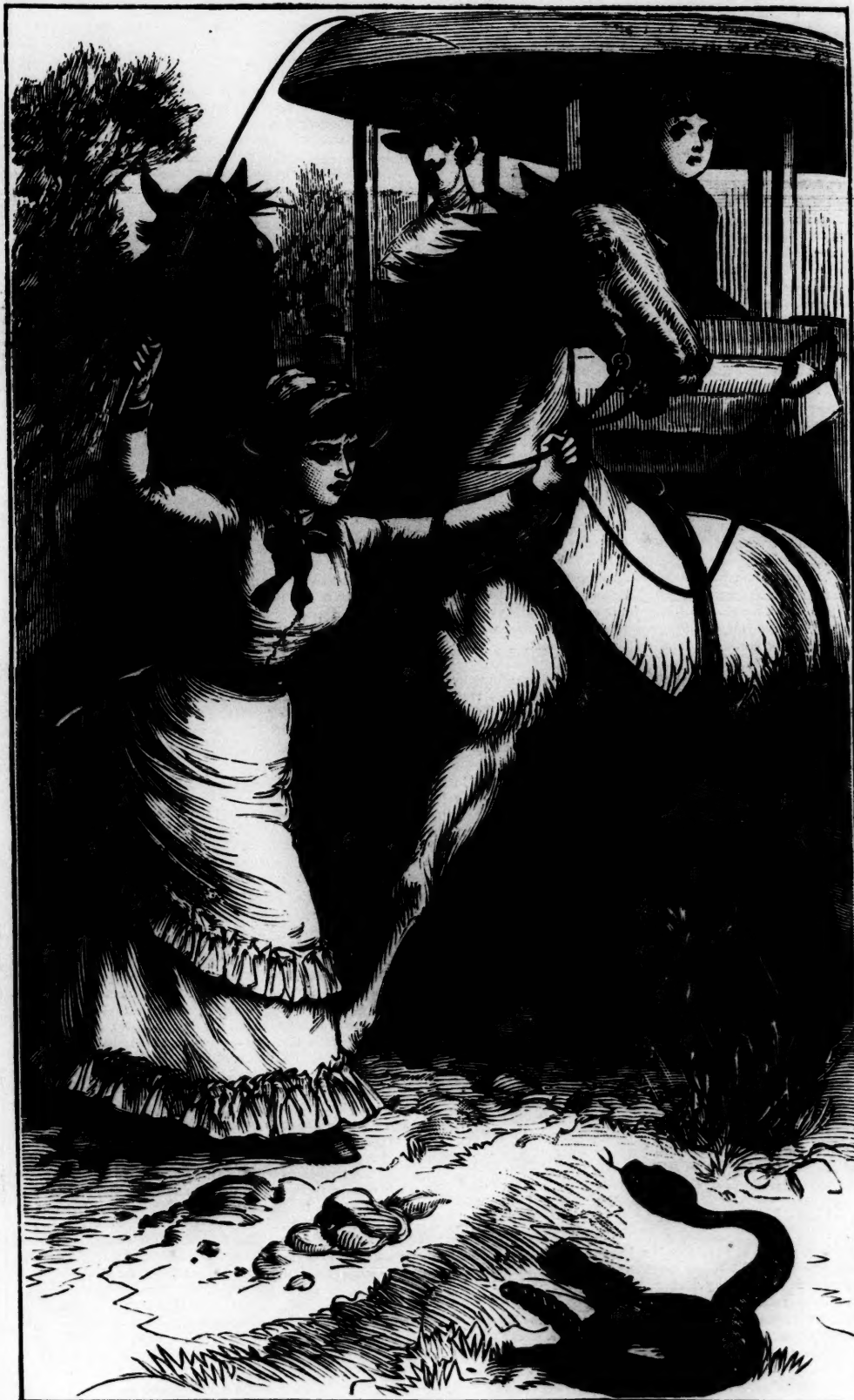
THE YOUNG CLERK WHO VICTIMIZED NEW YORK BROKERS.

to attribute his wealth to the results of godliness, and no one suspected him until it was too late. He was the customer of De Wolf & Swan, stock-brokers, who failed on Monday, July 28, in consequence of his criminal transactions. He had skipped, however, before it was demonstrated that he was a forger, a thief and a swindler. The losses of his victims will amount to over \$200,000, but the exact amount is not known yet, and cannot be till the losers cease their howls and begin to figure up with a little calmness.

In his capacity of confidential clerk to Mr. Henry Day, Scovill at times had access to the private safe of his employer, and also executed orders for Mr. Day in the stock market. The former duty gave him opportunity to handle some of Mr. Day's securities, and owing to this the impression obtained in certain quarters, and to his advantage, that some of his operations were conducted with the knowledge of his employer.

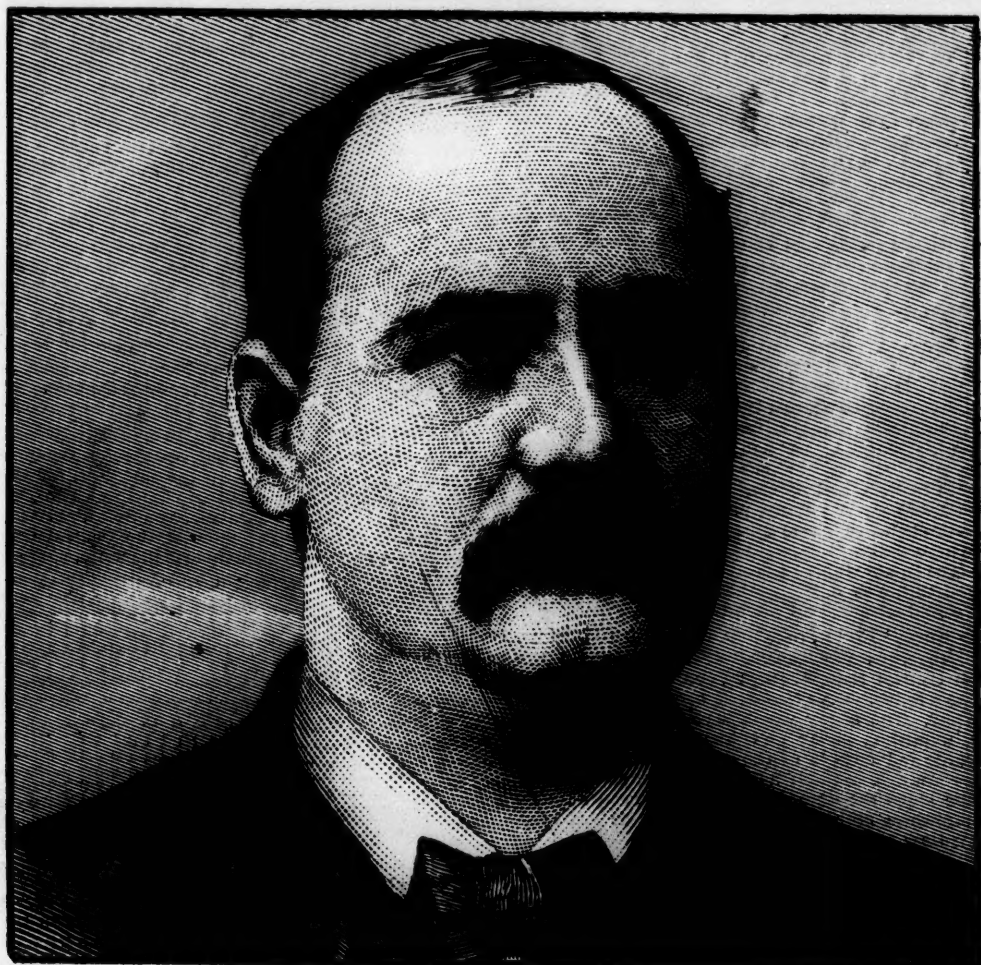
It is now said by some of the members of the law firm that they believe Scovill procured for his own use a key to the safe used by Mr. Day. On no other theory can they account for the free use he made of the securities it contained. His system was as follows: He would take from the safe from time to time certain securities, and forge Mr. Day's signature to a power of attorney transferring them. In his capacity of notary public he would witness the forged assignment himself. The securities thus taken he deposited with brokers as margin or borrowed money upon them himself. In order to preserve the appearances of the bulk of Mr. Day's securities, he procured lithograph copies of the stolen stock certificates, forged on them the names of the officers of the several companies, and put them in place of the stolen securities. Scovill was doing the grand with the air and boodle of a millionaire with his family at Black Rock, Conn., when the news arrived that the jig was up. He "lit out" at once. It is said he has gone to Canada to join Eno and other high-toned members of society who have gone before.

THIS is the season when the men have their hair cut so short that their wives can use the top of hubby's head for nutmeg-graters.

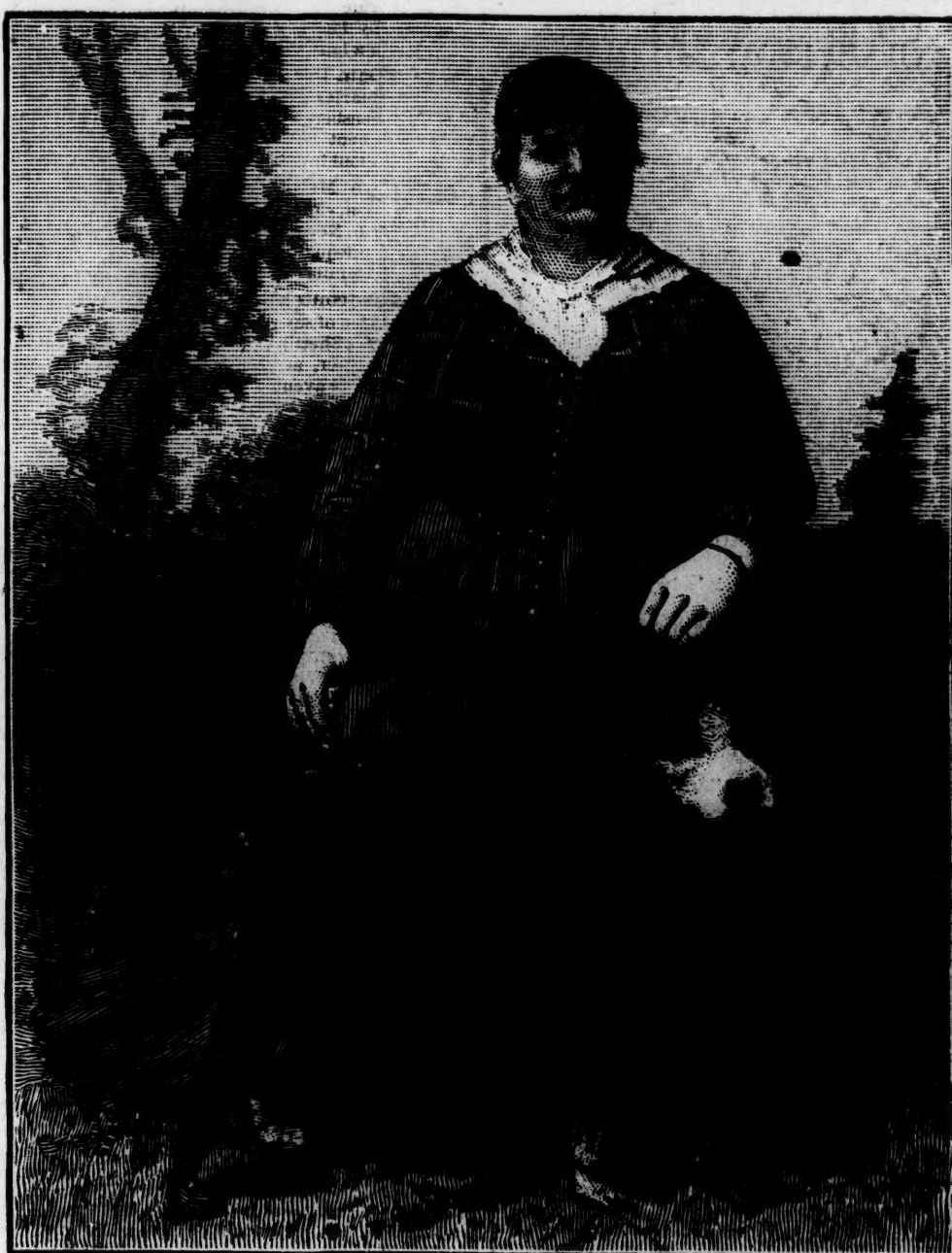


A PLUCKY GIRL FIGHTS A RATTLESNAKE.

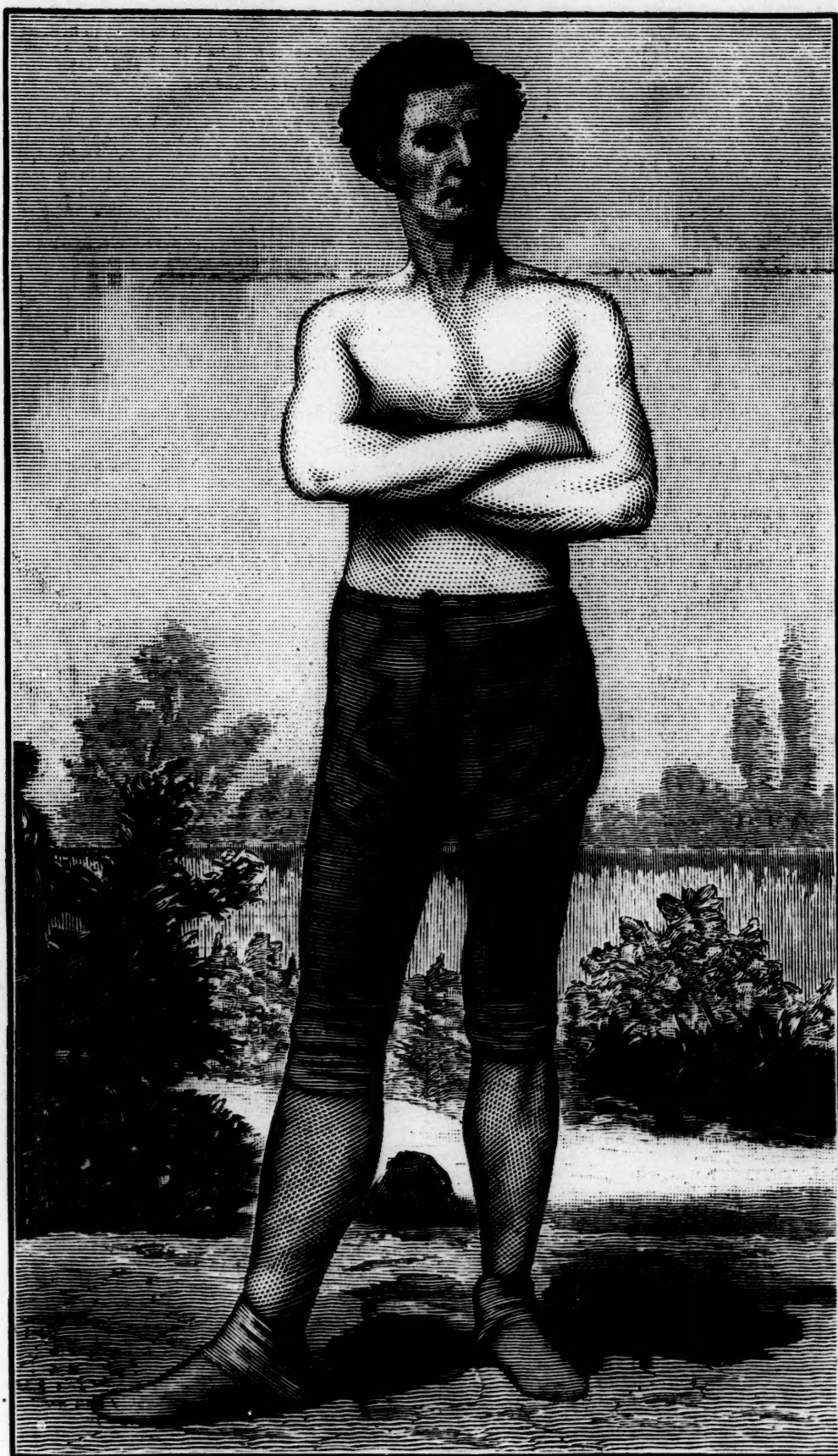
HOW A YOUNG FEMALE STAGE-DRIVER, OF BELLVALE N. J., SETTLED A QUESTION OF THE RIGHT OF WAY.



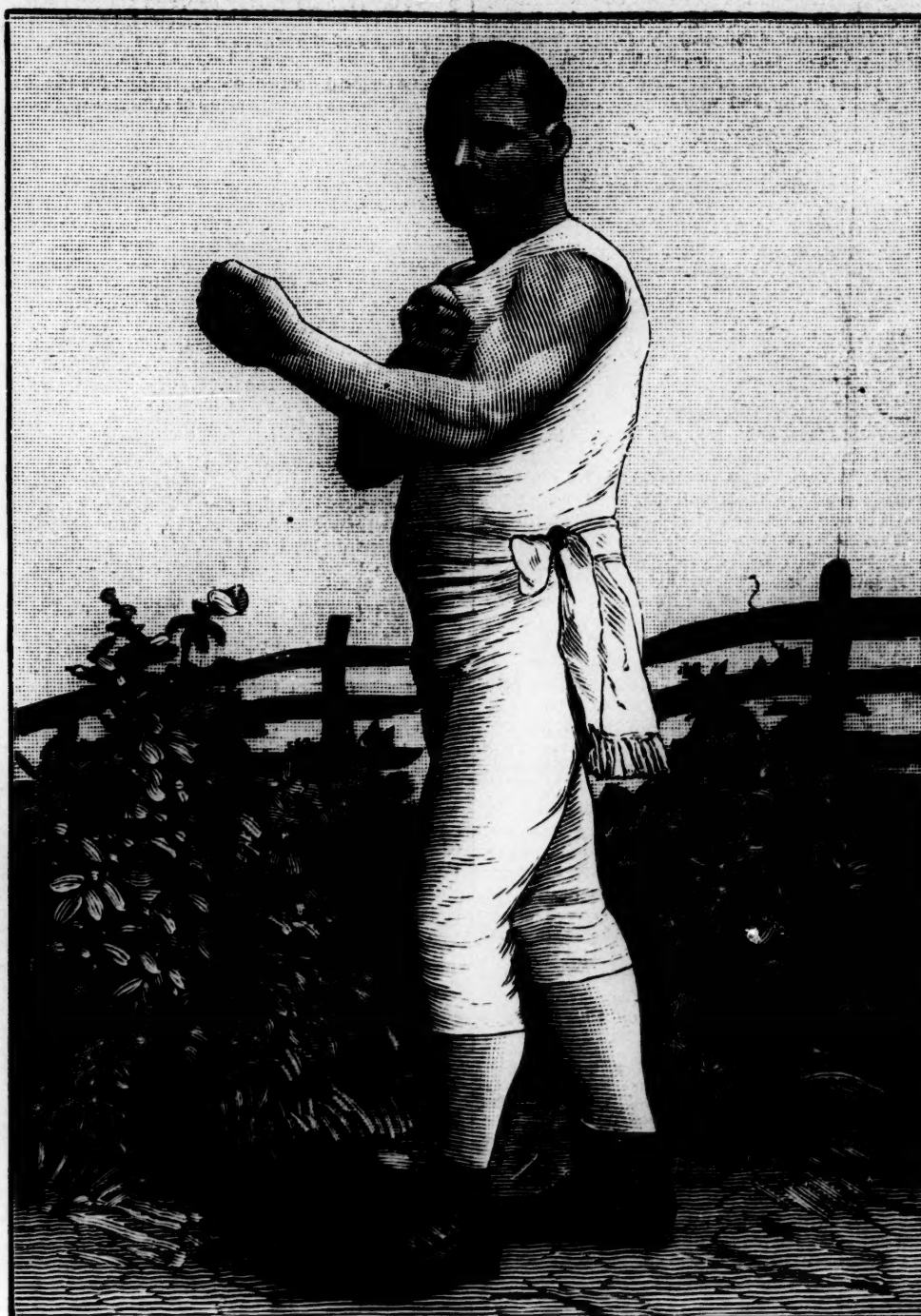
E. F. MALLAHAN,
THE NEW YORK SPORTING MAN.
[Photo by John Wood.]



DAN KANE'S WIFE AND DOG.
A FAMOUS LADY FANCIER OF FIGHTING GAMES AND HER CHAMPION.



PROF. WILL. WILLIE,
THE NOTED SOUTHERN ATHLETE.



ARTHUR PRAZIER,
CHAMPION COLORED PUGILIST, OF THE DISTRICT OF COLUMBIA.

HORSFORD'S ACID PHOSPHATE
IN SEASICKNESS.

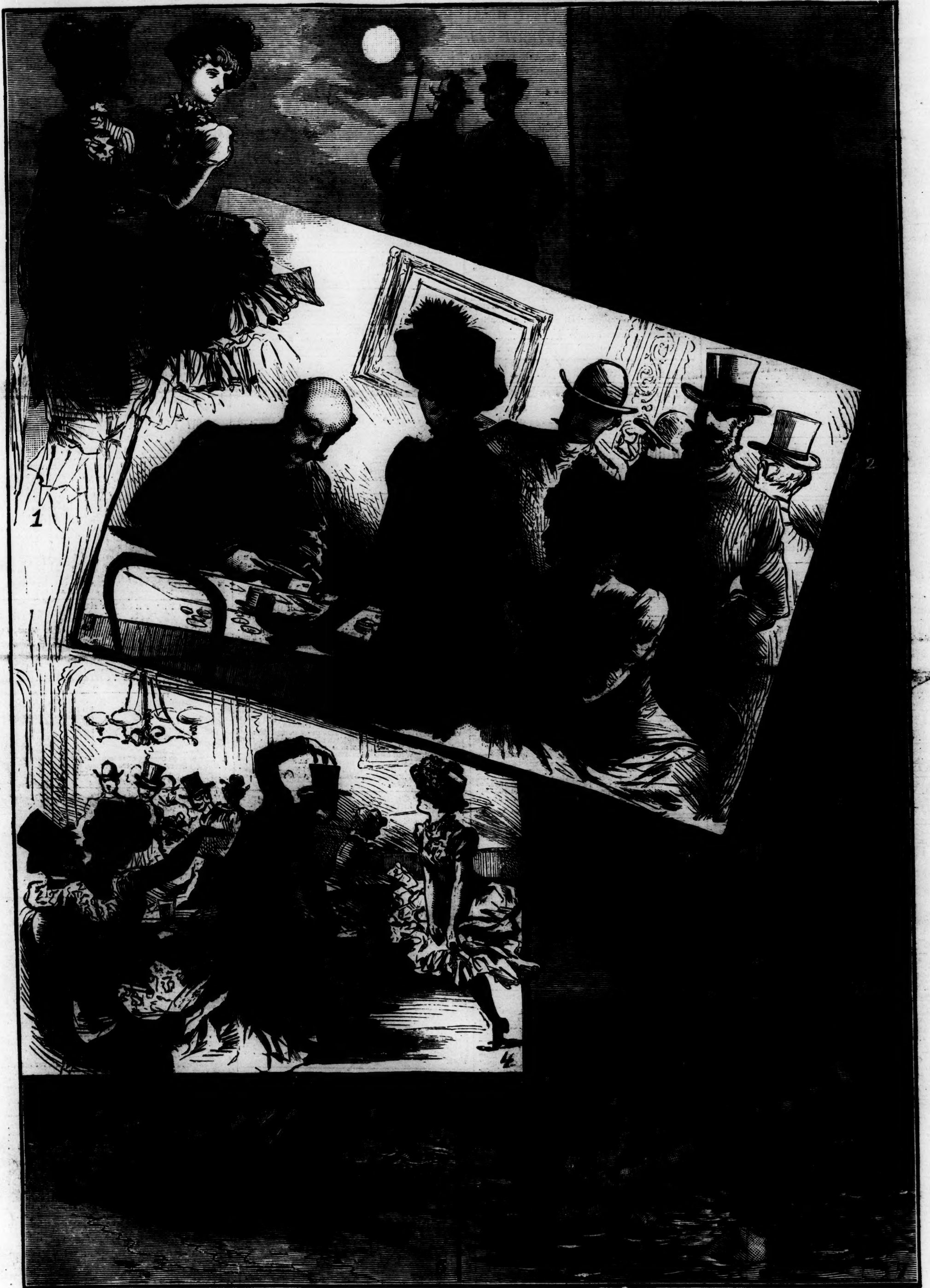
S. S. PARKER, Wellington, O., says: "While crossing Lake Erie I gave it to some passengers who were seasick, and it gave immediate relief."

MEDICAL

25615.

Flare Exposed. By mail, 30c. The nefarious devices and dishonest tricks of the skin game described and explained. A complete exposure of the great American rascals, with a history of its origin and development, the mechanical devices used for cheating, and the systems by which they can be defeated. By the author of "The Man-trap of New York." With twenty illustrations. RICHARD K. FOX, Publisher, Franklin Square, and Dover Street, New York.

VIGOR For Men. Quick, sure, safe. Book free.
Civiale Agency, 160 Fulton St., New York.



PERILS OF THE SEASIDE SANDS.

ORGIES OF THE LOST SOULS IN THE CONEY ISLAND DIVES AND THE TERRORS OF NIGHT BY THE SURF.

I.—The School-Girl's Flirtation. II.—Garroting on the Beach. III.—Women at Faro. IV.—The Dance of the Sirens. V.—Fallen by the Way. VI.—A Horror of the Waves
VII.—A Murder in the Dark.